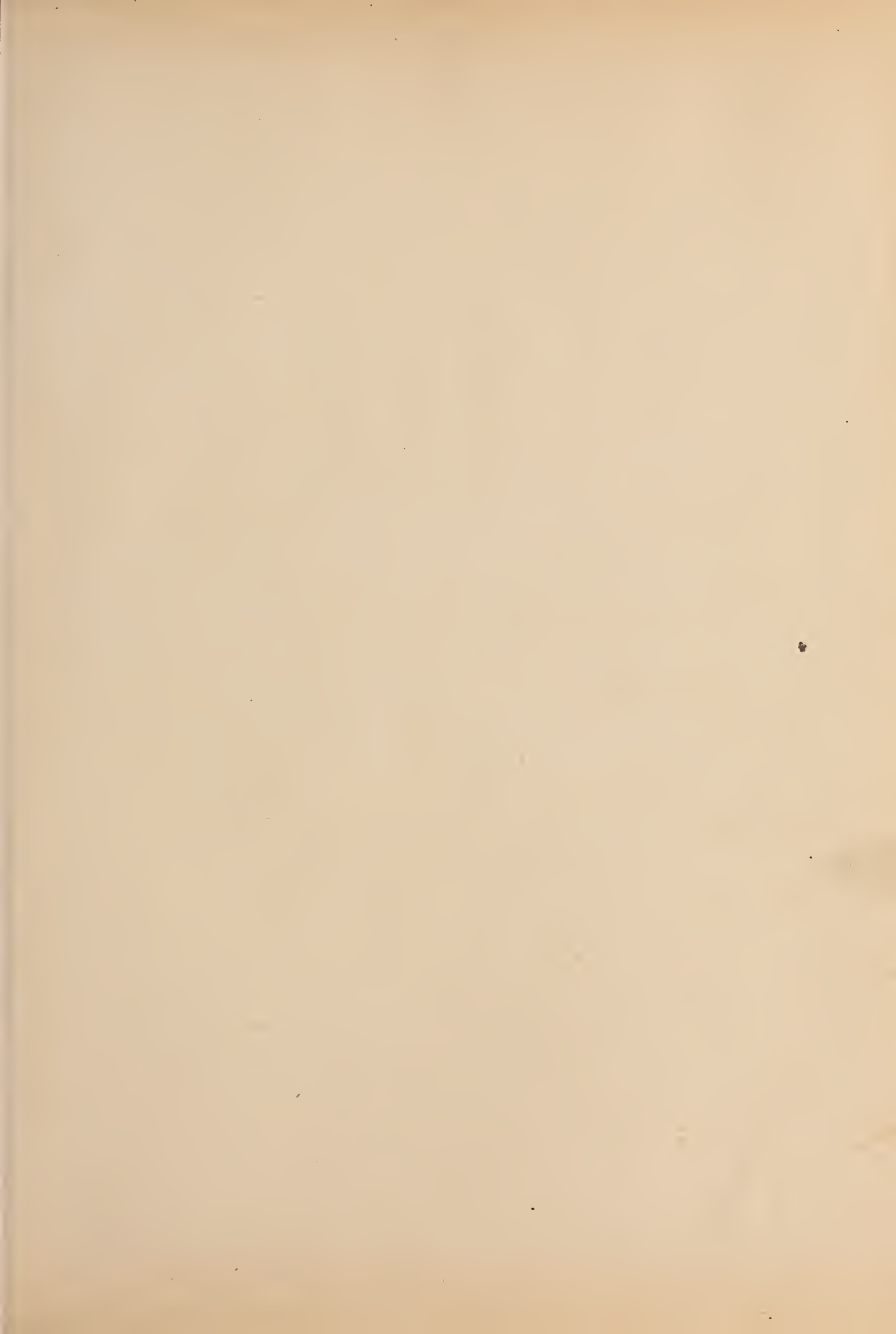


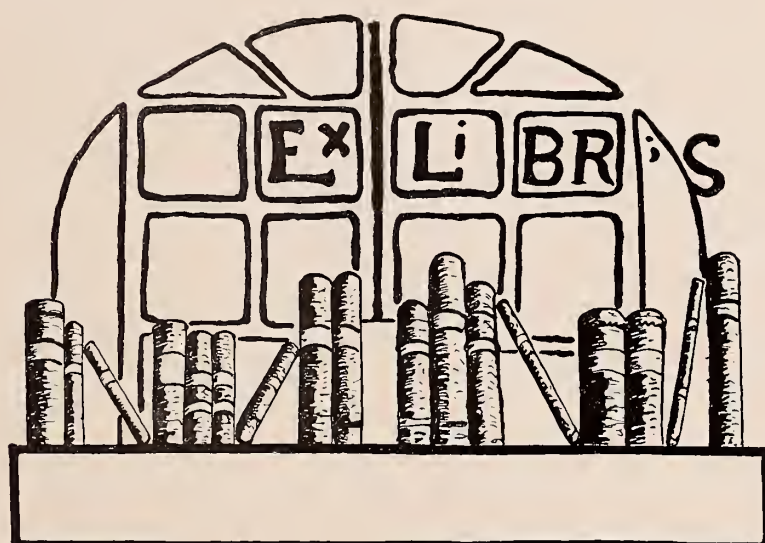


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Foreword

 HIS, the second volume of *The Nautilus*, is sent out with a three-fold purpose:

That in future years when the members of the 1923 student body are fighting the stern battles of life, its reminiscences of college days may bring inspiration and courage to press on to victory.

That today, as we stand shoulder to shoulder in the conflict against evil, it may enable our friends, our loyal constituency, to share more fully our aims and our ideals as a College—as their College.

That, by worthily representing the Eastern educational institution of the Church of the Nazarene, it may do its part in accomplishing the great task which lies before us as a Church and as a College.

THE NAUTILUS
ANNUAL STUDENT PUBLICATION
Eastern Nazarene College
Wollaston, Mass.

NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-THREE
VOLUME TWO



To him who, by his resolute optimism and substantial uplift, has ever kept our hearts warm and our spirits valiant—to our strong counsellor and true friend

Leroy A. Heabey

we gratefully dedicate this, the second volume of

THE NAUTILUS.





The Portico

Our Portico—rich in the lore of years ;
 In human destinies, in hopes, in tears.
 Beneath thy friendly arch what dreams have passed,
 What memories, what loves, what purpose vast !

Upon the stanch gray portal stands to view
 An ancient legend, old yet wondrous new :
 “*Salve—well come*, thou guest, within these walls ;
Vale—fare well, where’er thy pathway calls.”

Cherishing Mother ! Thou teachest us to live :
 Thou givest us all ; thou send’st us forth to give.
Salve—the open door that none can close ;
Vale—the mission that the Master chose.

B. M.



Nautilus Staff



Editorial

Russell V. DeLong	Editor-in-Chief.
Alice Spangenberg	Associate Editor.
Dorothy H. White	Literary Editor.
H. B. Schlosser	Religious Editor.
Ethelyn B. Peavey	Associations Editor.
Lawrence D. Benner	Art Editor.
Gladys O. MacDonald	College Life Editor.
Hattie E. Goodrich	Secretary.



Faculty Advisers



Bertha Munro	Hugh C. Benner
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Ray DeP. Haas	Assistant-Associate.
Harold G. Gardner	Assistant.
Dwight Archibald	Advertising Manager.
Irva G. Phillips	Stenographer.

Nautilus



1923



Contents

Book I.	Alma Mater
Book II.	College
Book III.	Academy
Book IV.	Theological
Book V.	Literary
Book VI.	Organizations







CANTERBURY

MANSION



Fred James Shields, A. M., Ed. M.

President

FIVE years ago in June Mr. Shields came to North Scituate, Rhode Island, to assume the presidency of Eastern Nazarene College. The following summer the college was moved to Wollaston, Massachusetts. For four years we have made definite progress under his able leadership. He works incessantly; he has time for nothing, yet time for everything. And always, even when his mind is fatigued and his brow is furrowed with anxiety, he has a smile for us. Our memories of his courses are punctuated with many a hearty laugh at some oft-repeated witticism which is never tiresome. We laugh in genuine sympathy, for we know that all humor is ever new in his generous thinking.

Our president is one of us. Our interests have ever been his interests, our joys and sorrows his joys and sorrows.

Nathaniel



1921

Faculty



FLOYD W. NEASE, A. M., B. D.

Philosophy and Religion

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might
stand up, I M
And say to all the world, this was a man!"



BERTHA MUNRO, A. M.

English Language and Literature

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in
her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."



HARRIETTE E. GOOZEE, A. M.

English

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."



EARNEST E. ANGELL, S. T. L.

Theology and Bible

"A Soul of power, a well of lofty Thought,
A chastened Hope that ever points to
Heaven."

Faculty



HUGH C. BENNER, S. B., B. D.
Science and History

"The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the
thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!"



MRS. HESTER A. SHIELDS, A. B.
Modern Languages

"A woman's noble station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight."



MARY HARRIS, A. B.
Classical Languages

"Her gentle wit she plies to teach them
truth."



R. WAYNE GARDNER, S. B.
Science and Mathematics

"He is wise who can instruct us and assist
us in the business of daily virtuous liv-
ing."

Faculty



ELLA L. GALE
Piano

"A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood."



HAZEL R. HARDING
Commercial

"She mixed reason with pleasure and
wisdom with mirth."



DOROTHY H. WHITE
Expression

"True expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whatever it shines
upon."



MRS. CARRIE M. GARDNER
German

"Never be content with present attain-
ments: Push on!"

Faculty



HOWARD G. HERRSCHAFT

Science

"And still be doing, never done."



HATTIE E. GOODRICH

Commercial

"Accuracy, that's the thing."



MRS. RUTH GARNER

Sewing

"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good."



ANNA C. FRENCH

Assistant Librarian

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."



MRS. MARION E. MACKENNEY
Matron and Dean

"For hearts where awakened love
doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing
is work!"



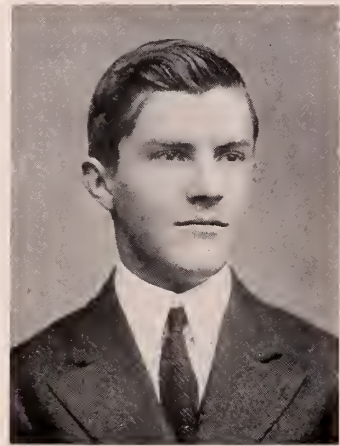
GRACE BUSH
Nurse

"When I was sick, you gave me
bitter pills."



ANNABEL MACQUARRIE
Assistant Dean

"Do you not know I am a woman?
What I think I must speak!"



VICTOR W. MATTHEWS
Bookkeeper

"Skillful, honest and true-hearted."

Business Management



We feel highly privileged in having as Treasurer of the Eastern Nazarene College, Leroy D. Peavey, a Christian gentleman and a man of marked business ability. He has been connected in this capacity with our institution for several years, and to his untiring efforts and unwavering faith we owe to a great extent our present sound financial and scholastic standing.

By work and prayer, our Business Manager, Glen W. Siefarth, has overcome gigantic financial difficulties. By new ideas and strict economy, in less than two years he has placed the Eastern Nazarene College on a sound financial basis it has never known. Our constituents may be assured that Brother Siefarth realizes one hundred per cent on every dollar invested in the institution. We owe a debt of gratitude to this man, who at the call of God stepped from pastoral success to this position of sacrifice and responsibility.



Board of Trustees



PERSONNEL

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Paul Hill *Secretary*
L. D. Peavey *Treasurer*

The General Board of Education of the Church of the Nazarene has combined the several districts into educational zones. Our college is maintained by the Eastern Educational Zone, which comprises the New England, New York, Washington-Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh Districts. In proportion to the membership of these districts, trustees of our college are elected each year by the various District Assemblies. In addition to these, one member is elected yearly from the Alumni Association. At present the Board is composed of eleven members: three each from the New England and Pittsburgh Districts, two each from the New York and Washington-Philadelphia Districts, and one from the Alumni. The Board of Trustees meets at the College several times each academic year and the members are always welcome guests. Our trustees do us honor. They are a body of able men of vision, and intend to build a college that will enable our young people to achieve the highest possible scholastic attainments and at the same time to maintain intense religious fervor.



ROGER W. BABSON
Commencement Address
June 7, 1922.
“Fundamentals of Prosperity”



GEORGE W. COLEMAN

Opening Address

September 15, 1922.



ROBERT^E. BRUCE, Ph. D.
(Boston University)
"EAST AND WEST"
November 10, 1922.



WARREN O. AULT, Ph. D.
(Boston University)
"MODERN ENGLAND"
January 30, 1923.



CHAPEL



DINING ROOM



In Loving Memory of Grace Shields.

Grace Naomi Shields was born December 21, 1917, and died
October 2, 1922.

Her three years in Wollaston were happy ones for us. As she mingled with us, she scattered everywhere friendly, cheery smiles that brightened our lives. Over the whole college she shed the healthy, radiant glow of childhood. She has gone away from us to a more beautiful land where the Master's welcoming smile greets the souls of little children—but there is sadness in our hearts.





COLLEGE SENIOR CLASS

Howard G. Herrschaft *President*

Beatrice H. MacKenney *Secretary-Treasurer*

Flower—Trailing Arbutus

Colors—Maroon and Gray

Motto—"Ich dien' "

CLASS ROLL

Howard G. Herrschaft, B.S.

Beatrice H. MacKenney, A.B.

Alice Spangenberg, A.B.

Madeline A. Nease, A.B.

*Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.*

—COWPER.

Senior Class

HOWARD GEORGE HERRSCHAFT, B.S.

Brooklyn, New York

SCIENCE

" 'Tis much he dares; and, to that dauntless temper of his mind, he hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour to act in safety."



Co-operative Association, 1919-1921.
Orchestra, 1919-1923.
Business Manager, *Advance*, '21.
President, Junior Class, '22.
President, College Department, '22.
Editor, NAUTILUS, 1922.
President, Students' Organization, '23.
President, Senior Class, '23.
President, Bresean Literary Society, 1923.

"Howard"

Occupation: Making a path to and from 11 West Elm Avenue.

Characteristics: Stubbornness and wit.

Hobby: Puttering around the Lab.

Favorite Expression: "Well, of all the ——"

Hopes to be: A professional teaser.

Likes: Salted peanuts.



Mr. Herrschaft is one of the pioneer students of our college. He attended the school at North Scituate for two years, and has taken his college work at E. N. C. Howard has ever been prominent among the student body. His zeal and loyalty are unbounded, and his honest effort will never go unrewarded. Wherever his calling may lead him as a professor of his beloved science, there he will use his fine strength to set high ideals, and there he will come close to realizing them. He has a keen sense of judgment; his decisions are final. When one has at length penetrated his stiff German reserve, he proves himself a staunch friend. May that energized efficiency which characterizes his work and his play characterize his every task as he steps out to do for the Master!

Senior Class

ALICE SPANGENBERG, A.B.

Reading, Pennsylvania

ENGLISH

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute."

Secretary, Breseean Literary Society, 1920.
Vice-President, College Department, 1921.
College Notes Editor, *Advance*, 1922.
Orchestra, 1922-1923.
Chorus, 1922-1923.
Vice-President, Students' Council, 1923.
Vice-President, Breseean Literary Society, 1921-1923.
Associate Editor, *NAUTILUS*, 1923.
Pianist, Young People's Society, 1922.

"Al"

Occupation: "Taking it out" on "The Grand."
Characteristics: Frankness and amiability.
Hobby: Writing letters to Lynn.
Favorite Expression: "Um-uh-huh-yea!"
Hopes to be: A successfully stern schoolmarm.
Likes: Bad little boys.

Alice has been with us since her Freshman year. No one member of the student body has a larger circle of friends, and no one is a better friend than she. She is an intense lover of music, and so are we—when she is at the piano. Her vivid, smooth interpretation delights our ears. She is distinctly original in everything she does. Her stories and essays are points of light in our memories of B. L. S., English 101, and the *NAUTILUS*. Little children are attracted to her sweet sympathetic nature; old folk hang on her words, and smile at her enthusiasm, remembering their own days when energy and vitality were unbounded. We predict for Alice a future of unalloyed happiness in helping others gain the clear, clean outlook on life that she ever maintains, through having Jesus Christ as her own Saviour and Friend.



Senior Class

BEATRICE HELEN MacKENNEY, A.B.

Wollaston, Massachusetts

PHILOSOPHY AND EDUCATION

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."



Secretary Class, 1919-1923.
Treasurer, Y. W. A. A., 1919.
President, Girls' Chorus, '22.
Secretary, Bresean Literary Society, 1921.
Secretary, Young People's Society, 1921.
Assistant Treasurer, Missionary Society, '22.
Treasurer, Y. W. A. A., '23.
Chorister Young People's Society, '23.

"Bea"

Occupation: Finding high "X."
Characteristics: Entertaining and bustling.
Hobby: Singing in German.
Favorite Expression: "Ann—Al—Dot—Bea—Elizabeth!"
Hopes to be: Able to satisfy a hungry man.
Likes: Anything for a hope chest.

"Bea," we familiarly call her. How well the name fits her, too! As busy as a bee from sunup to sundown, here and there at German and Education and History and a hundred other duties; her small, rather plump self flying about in an amazing way. A golden voice the gods graciously gave her, and we enjoy nothing better than an opportunity to listen to her well-chosen, better-rendered songs. There was never a more wholesome, sweet disposition than hers. Miss MacKenney possesses a quick sense of humor, yet she is not easily diverted from her decisions. Her ideals of Christian character and Christ-life are known to all of us. We wish her all success as she takes up her life work in other institutions of our land.

Senior Class

MADELINE NOSTRAND NEASE, A. B.

Wollaston, Massachusetts

ENGLISH

"Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think."

Student Teacher, '20, '22.

Chaplain, Breesean Literary Society, '20.

Program Committee, B. L. S., '20.

Vice-President, B. L. S., '22.

Associate Editor, NAUTILUS, '22.

Member Appointment Committee, Evangelistic Association, '23.

"Madeline"

Occupation: Practising (several kinds).

Characteristics: Reading, etc.

Hobby: "Hubby," we should have said.

Favorite Expression: "I can't stay a minute!"

Hopes to be: Always as happy.

Likes: Blue.

Mrs. Nease goes about her college work very quietly and calmly. At classes one would scarcely think her present, until her exactly correct recitations draw one's attention and admiration. Her home duties shed about her an air of reserve and isolation; consequently, we value her presence highly when she is with us. She is characterized by an intense love of literature and poetry, and an intelligent appreciation of the best in every realm. We are assured that she will ever do what her hands find to do in helping others to a fuller knowledge of Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour. She has our very best wishes and prayers for her life's work.



Junior Class



DOROTHY H. WHITE

Spring Valley, N. Y.

"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."

Secretary of Evangelistic Association.
President of Bresean Literary Society.
Literary Editor of NAUTILUS.
Orchestra.

Future Occupation: Missionary to India.

RUSSELL V. DELONG

Wareham, Mass.

"Strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends."

President of Evangelistic Association.
President of College Department.
Secretary of Y. M. A. A.
President of Junior Class.
Editor-in-Chief of NAUTILUS, '23.
Orchestra.
Chorus.
Male Quartet.

Future Occupation: Preacher.

HATTIE E. GOODRICH

Washington, D. C.

"A face with gladness overspread.
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

Chairman Appointment Committee, Evangelistic Association.
Secretary of NAUTILUS.

Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa.

Junior Class

RALPH SCHURMAN

W. Somerville, Mass.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Treasurer of Y. M. A. A.
College Basketball Team.
Male Quartet.
Chorus.

Future Occupation: Preacher.

ALMA SCHUMAN

Foster, R. I.

"She was as good as she was fair."

Future Occupation: Undecided.

EDITH PEIRCE

Worcester, Mass.

"A taste for books which is still the pleasure
and glory of my life."

Secretary-Treasurer of Junior Class.

Future Occupation: Teacher.

ANNIE ARCHIBALD

Quincy, Mass.

"I was a very precocious child. I studied
Latin at seven, Greek at eight, and at fifteen
I read Sophocles."

Future Occupation: Teacher.



Sophomore Class



IRAV G. PHILLIPS

Manchester, N. H.

"My heart is ever at your service."

Secretary of Sunday School.
Appointment Committee of Evangelistic Association.
Stenographer of NAUTILUS.
Assistant Secretary of Evangelistic Association.
Secretary of Bresean Literary Society.
Chairman of Bresean Program Committee.
Secretary-Treasurer of Sophomore Class.

Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa.

SAMUEL McLAUGHLIN

North Creek, N. Y.

"Thou hast wit and fun and fire."

Program Committee of Bresean Literary Society.
Future Occupation: Teacher.

ETHELYN B. PEAVEY

Watertown, Mass.

"True as the dial to the sun."

Secretary of Students' Organization.
Librarian of Orchestra.
President of Sophomore Class.
Appointment Committee of Evangelistic Association.
Program Committee of Bresean Literary Society.
Organizations Editor of NAUTILUS.

Future Occupation: Teacher.

DANIEL M. FRENCH

Lynn, Mass.

"Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony, but
organically I am incapable of a tune."

President of Young People's Society.
Caretaker of Y. M. A. A.
Vice-President of Sophomore Class.

Future Occupation: Preacher.

Sophomore Class

DOROTHEA GATCHELL

Everett, Mass.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

Secretary-Treasurer of Orchestra.

Future Occupation: Nurse.

DAVID H. KEELER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Let me have audience for a word or two."

Tract Committee of Evangelistic Association.
Leader of Young Men's Praying Band.
Sergeant-at-Arms of Breseean Literary Society.

Future Occupation: Preacher.

MARION CUTTER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"O, I am stabb'd with laughter."

Future Occupation: Teacher.

FREDA HAYFORD

Johnson, Vt.

"It's guid to be honest and true."

Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa.



Freshman Class

HARRY SCHLOSSER

Tarentum, Pa.

"I dare do all that may become a man."

President of Freshman Class.
Religious Editor of NAUTILUS.
Future Occupation: Preacher.

DEFOREST SHIELDS

Peacham, Vt.

"Blessed are the meek."

Captain of College Basketball Team.
Future Occupation: Undecided.

GLADYS MACDONALD

Lowell, Mass.

"Sometimes very wise and serious thoughts
come to me."

President of Young Women's Athletic Association.
Vice-President of Bresecan Literary Society.
College Life Editor of NAUTILUS.
Future Occupation: Teacher.

KENT GOODNOW

Peacham, Vt.

"Him for the studious shade kind Nature
formed."

Membership Committee, Evangelistic Association.
Treasurer of Sunday School.
Future Occupation: Undecided.

JOSEPH FLETCHER

New York City

"What is love?"

Vice-President of Freshman Class.
Future Occupation: Preacher.

DORIS M. GALE

Lowell, Mass.

"Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing."

Treasurer of Missionary Society.
Chaplain of Bresecan Literary Society.
Treasurer of Evangelistic Association.
Captain College Girls' Basketball Team.
Future Occupation: Teacher.

CLARENCE HAAS

Haverhill, Mass.

"He who perseveres will be crowned."

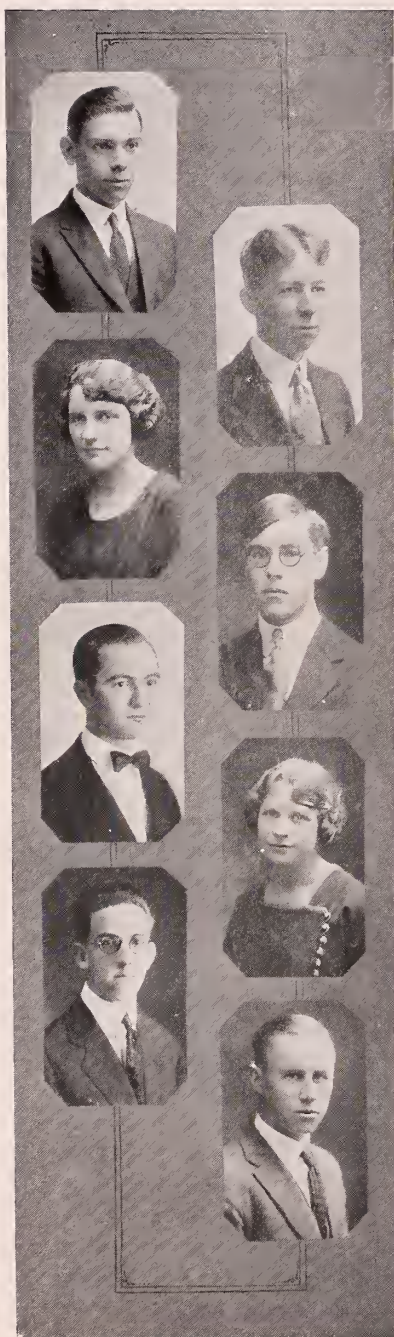
Treasurer of Students' Association.
Orchestra.
Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa.

LAWRENCE RUSH

Mannington, W. Va.

"For he's a jolly good fellow."

President of Amphictyon Council.
Treasurer of College Department.
Future Occupation: Scientific Agriculturist.



Freshman Class

DOUGLAS BETTS

Allston, Mass.

"As you know me all, a plain blunt man that loves my friends."

Future Occupation: Preacher.

MABEL SLOCUM

Dartmouth, Mass.

"Never let your studies interfere with your education."

Treasurer of Bresean Literary Society.

Assistant Secretary of Sunday School.

Future Occupation: Teacher.

LUTHER GARNER

Hot Springs, S. D.

"Delay no time; delays have dangerous ends."

Future Occupation: Preacher.

LAWRENCE BENNER

Calcdonia, O.

"He hath a daily beauty in his life."

Corresponding Secretary of Missionary Society.

Chairman of Bresean Program Committee.

Art Editor of NAUTILUS.

Future Occupation: Teacher.

KENNETH McELWEE

North Creek, N. Y.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

President of Mathematics Society.

Future Occupation: Dentist.

MARGARET PATIN

Uhrichsville, O.

"Thou art so womanly and resolute of will."

Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa.

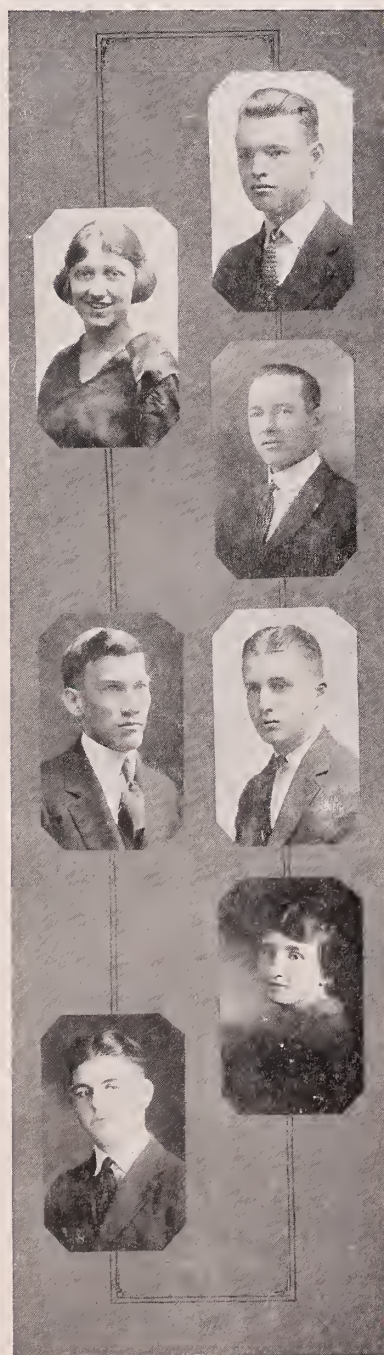
DWIGHT ARCHIBALD

Quincy, Mass.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen!"

Advertising Manager of NAUTILUS.

Future Occupation: Preacher.



Permanence



I like the swiftly passing things of earth:
Fleet bird-wing in e'er changing world of cloud;
The fading colors of a sunset wonder;
Laugh-lilting voices, soft—then swiftly loud.

These passing things. The seasons' flashing hues,
And ocean's stormy brow, so soon at rest;
The quiet calm succeeding roll of thunder,
Or subtly flitting moods in my own breast.

But change stays not the spirit. Weak, I falter;
My soul cries out for strength, for verity.
'Tis then a voice within speaks clearly: "Peace,
I am thy God, for all eternity."

—DOROTHY H. WHITE.



Academy Senior Class

Arthur W. Morse *President*

Ruth Rollins *Vice-President*

Lurla Dwinell *Secretary*

Helen Hamilton *Treasurer*

Colors—Pale Blue and Gold

Flower—White Rose

Motto—"The Door to Success is labeled 'Push'."

Class Roll

Evelyn Allen
Willis Anderson
Lurla Dwinell
Helen Hamilton
Grazia Haselton
Ralph Horst
Roy MacKenney
Stelios Miroyiannis
Arthur W. Morse
Ruth Rollins
Adele Temple

Senior Class



ARTHUR MORSE

Plattsburg, N. Y.

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep'."

President of Senior Class.

Future Occupation: Undecided.

EVELYN ALLEN

Wolcott, Vt.

"A modest blush she wears, not formed by
art."

Future Occupation: Undecided.

RALPH HORST

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

"Strange to the world, he bore a bashful look."

Future Occupation: Undecided.

GRAZIA HASELTON

Haselton, N. Y.

"Happy because she can't be otherwise."

Future Occupation: Medical Work.

STELIOS MIROYIANNIS

Metelin, Greece

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

Future Occupation: Botanist.

Senior Class



ROY MacKENNEY

Wollaston, Mass.

"Nothing can make life a burden to me."
Future Occupation: Undecided.

ADELE TEMPLE

Hopkinson, Mass.

"She has the truest, kindest heart."
Future Occupation: Teacher.

HELEN HAMILTON

Hartford, Conn.

"Her sunny locks hung on her temples like a
golden fleece."
Treasurer of Senior Class.
Future Occupation: Secretarial Work.

WILLIS ANDERSON

Warren, Pa.

"I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best."
Pianist of Young People's Society.
Chorus.
Future Occupation: Undecided.

LURLA DWINELL

Hardwick, Vt.

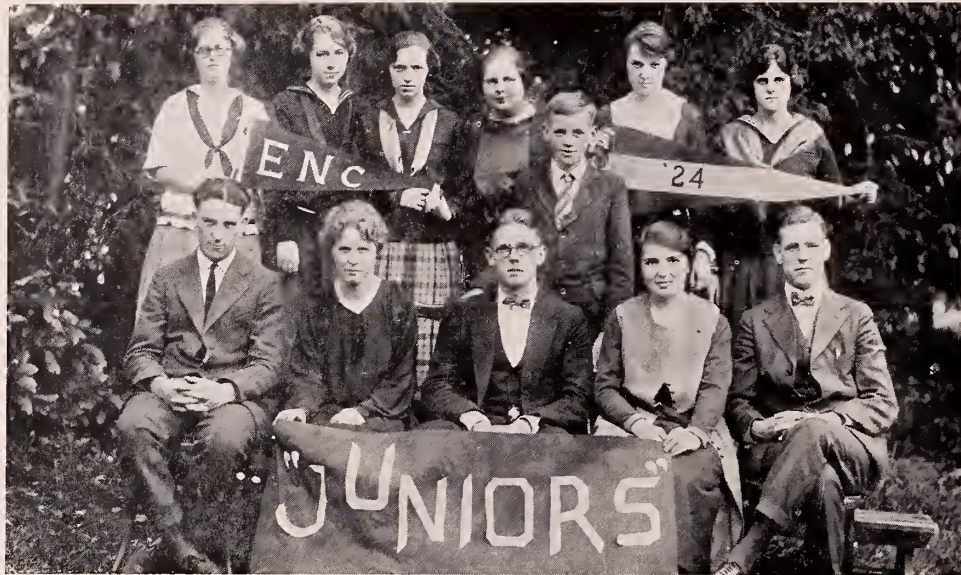
"For every why she had a wherefore."
Secretary of Senior Class.
Athenian Program Committee.
Future Occupation: Undecided.

RUTH ROLLINS

Lynn, Mass.

"Wit and humor belong to genius alone."
Vice-President of Senior Class.
Secretary of Athenian Literary Society.
Athenian Program Committee.
Chorus.
Future Occupation: Medical Work.

Junior Class



Snow
Deware

Gatchell
Freeman

Chase
Gardner

Bartlett
Angell

Angell
Kratz

White
Greene

President.....Harold G. Gardner Secretary.....Marybelle Freeman
Vice President.....Thomas B. Greene Treasurer.....Vida Kratz

Motto

"To be rather than to seem."

Color—Dark Blue and Silver.

Flower—Iris.

Ten Juniors stand on dress parade within this garden scene. Among its many flower beds all dressed in splendid "Greene," the "Gardner" bends with tender hand to weed the choicest beds of "Snow"—"White" lilies, blossoming fair, who toss their saucy heads. The fountain casts its sparkling spray o'er two white marble "Angells." And butterflies of gorgeous hue "Chase" blithely 'long the hedges. An orchard trim of "Bartlett" pears at the far end we see and daily many a hungry Senior looks at every tree. Upon the low rail fence near by you'll see in letters gay, a sign "Be (De) Ware," a warning stern for all who pass that way, that though a "Freeman" he may be, he surely must take care; for Madam "Kratz," the wealthy dame, will not permit him there. Her garden and her orchard rich she surely tends with care and only for choice occasions will her flowers and fruits prepare. The species are among the rarest that ever yet were found, and the seeds and bulbs she purchased from all the country round. Each plant she daily nurtured through all the passing year until September found them flourishing without fear—loyal, whole-hearted, zealous, too, as all before had been—full-fledged Academy Seniors, active and bound to win.

Sophomore Class



Bartlett
Hill
Pillsbury

Mullen
Tarr
Erickson

Sandstrom
Wolford
MacDonald

Richardson
Martin
MacIntosh

Young
Reynolds
Peavey

Rogers
Thew

President.....Wendell MacDonald Secretary.....Ruth MacIntosh
Vice-President.....Myrtle Erickson Treasurer.....Ruth Reynolds

Motto
"Excelsior"

Colors—Brown and Gold.

Flower—Black-eyed Susan.

The Sophomore class, or the class of 1925, now numbers twenty. Among these, we have representatives from eight different states. Canada, also, has contributed to our membership.

Our president is none other than the secretary of last year's class, Mr. Wendall MacDonald, of Lowell, Massachusetts. Indeed, "He is a lion in a good cause." Miss Myrtle Erickson, of Warren, Pennsylvania, is our vice-president, and truly in word and deed, "She's one of us." Our secretary, Miss Ruth MacIntosh of Everett, Massachusetts, believes that "Charity begins at home"; but nevertheless, by her continuous efforts, she convinces us that it should not end there. As to our treasurer, Miss Ruth Reynolds, of Maine, "She can laugh and cry both in a breath."

As a class we are not "shallow," as our name might imply, but rather we keep our motto in mind, improving the present and looking out toward the future. We remember the words, "Out of a good beginning cometh a good ending." Thus we are encouraged to go "Onward" and help others "Upward."

Freshman Class



Matthews	Kastarelos	Moss	Haselton	Sears	Macurdy	Moy	Reynolds	Atwood
Marsh	Kropf	Churchill	Young	Belmont	Allen	Jelly	MacEdward	
	Angell	Foote						

<i>President</i>	James Young	<i>Secretary</i>	Josephine Kropf
<i>Vice-President</i>	Georgia Churchill	<i>Treasurer</i>	Ruth Belmont

Motto

"At it, all at it, always at it."

Colors—Blue and Gold.

We are Freshmen tried and true,
 Keeping our motto e'er in view—
 "At it, All at it, Always at it"—
 Faithfully striving to do our bit.

Blue and gold our colors bright;
 We're overcomers in the fight.
 In spite of daily trials we meet,
 Our hearts shall never know defeat.

Twenty-two members loyal and strong,
 We do our part to right the wrong.
 Christian duty our sure pathway,
 Loyalty and truth our shield each day.



The Challenge of a Giant.

WITH an army of cowardly Israelites behind him and a multitude of Philistine warriors facing him, the youthful David, clothed as a shepherd and armed with a sling and five smooth stones, shouted to the towering Goliath of Gath: "Thou comest to me with a shield, and with a sword, and with a spear, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied!" And thus speaking, he drew his sling and hurled the fatal stone that was to deliver Israel. It struck the forehead of the Philistine and caused his death. The pride of the Philistine army had fallen; and the enemy was routed in confusion by the astonished Hebrews. That day ten thousand of the enemy fell before the conquering sword of God's chosen people. Once again, backward and cowardly Israel had conquered through the faith of a single soul—this time of a mere youth.

This incident from sacred history is comparable to a present-day situation. With an army of conforming churches behind it and a multitude of fearful difficulties before it, the youthful Church of the Nazarene, clothed with the simplicity of Holiness and armed with the Word of God, shouts to the twentieth century giants: "You come to us with higher criticism, with new theology, and with evolution, but we come to you in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of the church, whom you have defied!"

The twentieth century with its advanced learning and idealistic human philosophy is defying the God of the Christians. This towering giant argues the uselessness of spirituality, the meaninglessness of the Bible, the emptiness of religion, the powerlessness of the church, and the foolishness of the miraculous.

The militant church triumphed in the sixteen'h century under the leadership of Luther. She conquered gloriously in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries under the guidance of Wesley and Finney. Her God was her great Captain. She knew no fear; it mattered not how great the enemy nor how hopeless the battle. But in panic she has shrunk before this twentieth century giant that has put her faith to the test. She has retreated to her tents and has hauled up a flag of truce. The power that once belonged to this backsliding church has waned. The faith and boldness that were characteristic of her in former struggles have departed. Her battle cry is no longer, "Onward, Christian Soldiers! Onward!"

The church of today has consented to disgraceful compromise. She has denied the deity of Jesus Christ. She has declared Genesis a myth. She has ruled out large portions of Holy Writ as irrelevant. She has opened her doors to the world with its contamination and sin. Every day she concedes more power to the giant. Every day the situation becomes more hopeless.

But the battle is not lost. This young David, who lone-handed has slain the lion and the bear in former conflicts, has appeared. The Church of the Nazarene accepts the challenge of the giant.

—H. B. Schlosser. C'25.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT



GEORGIA MORGAN BAILEY

Haverhill, Massachusetts

Theological Diploma

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Groveland High School.

Salem Normal School.

Teacher in Public Schools.

Converted September 12, 1909.

Called December 26, 1916.

Sanctified September 19, 1917.

Member Haverhill Church of the Nazarene.

Vice-President, Preachers' Theological Department.

Future Occupation: Missionary to Africa.

Mrs. Bailey has been with us for four years. She has lived unobtrusively, yet ever exemplarily. Her beautiful transfiguring smile finds at once our hearts. She has a gift for seeing always the attractive side—truly she finds "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." We are confident that, should we step into her African mission station some few years hence, we should find her ministering to the needs of despised, precious-souled heathen with the same pure spirit and godly life that she manifests here.

DAVID HAWLEY KEELER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Theological Diploma

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Danbury High School.

Pentecostal Collegiate Institute 1917-18.

World War 1918-19.

Nyack Missionary Training Institute 1921-22.

Converted 1910. Sanctified 1919.

Called 1917.

Future Occupation: Pastor.

Mr. Keeler is a zealous exponent of a balanced, well-rounded education, and he practices his theory. His life at college is a busy one, but he goes along very smoothly; his work, while well done, does not worry him. David never smiles—he grins, cheerfully, directly, constantly. He ever manifests a note of sure victory. He possesses a rare gift, a singular charity of mind and fairness of judgment. One seldom finds a nature so versatile; an outlook so unprejudiced.



ELLA MAY STRICKLAND

Warren, Pennsylvania

Theological Diploma

"This one thing I do: I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Warren County Grammar School.

Teacher in Country Schools.

Converted 1903.

Sanctified 1909.

Member Wollaston Church of the Nazarene.

Future Occupation: Missionary Work.

Miss Strickland was with us at North Scituate. Her most marked trait is faithfulness; any task which she attempts receives her best attention and endeavor. Her constancy is a source of never-failing respect and admiration for us. She does what her hand finds to do, and she does it with her might. She has our earnest prayers that the life which she leads, be it among homely cares or in the great harvest fields, may be long and of full fruition. We desire only God's best plan and purpose for her life.



Theological Department

Amelia Cox.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Two-year Theological Certificate

Carlotta Graham.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Two-year Theological Certificate

Miss Cox and Miss Graham, we invariably say, with the same emphasis in our voices as when we talk of David and Jonathan. They came to us together two years ago, from the Atlantic Avenue Nazarene Church in Brooklyn, New York; they have been constantly together while here; they graduate together; and we shall be disappointed if some day we do not read that together they have sailed for African shores. Their quiet, conscientious lives we admire; their shouts of victory and clear, ringing testimonies we love to hear. With all our hearts we say, "God bless Miss Cox and Miss Graham!"



PREACHERS' THEOLOGICAL AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS' COURSE

REV. E. E. ANGELL, formerly of the New York District, came to our college in September, 1922, to have charge of the theological department. His Spirit-born vision, his grasp of the needs of the work, his godly life, his faithful instruction and his wise counsel supply us with continual courage and inspiration.

Of the theological students of Eastern Nazarene College, a large majority are registered in the College; others are completing the Academic course. These students, together with those registered in the special Preachers' and Christian Workers' course, purpose to go forth as "laborers into His harvest."

The students of this special course are organized with the following officers: Mr. Ray DeP. Haas is president of the class, and will preach the "Good News" to hungry souls in the homeland; Georgia Bailey, the vice-president, is preparing to carry the Gospel to the lost souls of Africa; Grace Bush, the secretary, is to bear the message to India's darkened millions; Julia Graleski, the treasurer, to Africa's heathen.

The theological department is one of the most important groups in Eastern Nazarene College. It represents lost souls in America, Africa, India, and Japan. Pray that its members may go out to accomplish great things for the Master, because endued with the power that He alone can bestow.

Our Church

NEVER before was the Church of Jesus Christ so challenged by the world, the flesh, and the devil, as today. The war of the ages, between the Captain of our salvation and "the god of this world," has grown to greater proportions than can be fully illustrated by the awful, indescribable carnage of modern war.

The voice, as of "a roaring lion," has not weakened through the centuries, but now, with modern megaphonic amplification, is terrifying large groups of little trembling ecclesiastics into abject shameful surrender of ancient landmarks and our glorious heritage from saintly martyrs, without the shedding of one drop of blood. With the venomous cunning of the "serpent," our enemy has clouded our blue sky of eternal hope with the yellow gaseous vapors of "modern" theology, has scattered germs of all the restless, thirs'y fevers of the human soul, and has poisoned our wells of knowledge and spiritual refreshing. With ruthless vandalism, he has invaded sacred sanctuaries, pulled down holy emblems; torn in shreds revered Bibles and hymnals; turned into hollow mockery and blasphemous travesty the worship of ages and made of all a sensuous playhouse filled with cheap glittering substitutes for the Shekinah of God. The beastly destroyer has forced his way into the home and left its sacred institutions in ruins. He has overturned altars of prayer, torn off the draperies of modesty, trampled upon the innocence of happy children, laughed at holy wedlock, separated husbands and wives, and has left the fires of hellish misery behind him.

From such an enemy, that knows no honor and keeps no pledges, great divisions of the church militant have retreated, have thrown away the blood-stained banner of the cross and are seeking a shameful peace of compromise and slavery. But all have not fled. New divisions rescue the discarded banners. They write upon them, "Holiness unto the Lord." They advance with faith and courage, singing as battle hymns, "Give me the old time religion" and "Faith of our fathers, living still!" Into the very thickest of the fight plunges a division that, in addition to the general banner of "Holiness unto the Lord," has chosen as a special insignia an ancient name, most despised and hated by men and devils, and in glad loyalty to the King of kings declare themselves as the Church of the Nazarene. Hopeless would seem our battle, in the midst of crashing kingdoms and tottering republics, if we had not "the sure word of prophecy," that in such days "the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed."

A survey of the battles of the past has shown that, while some of the greatest defeats of the church have been within the shadow of college walls, there have also been the very greatest victories. The Lutheran Reformation and the Wesleyan Revival were born in the Universities of Wittenberg and Oxford. A fortification is an advantage and not a bad thing, or dangerous, except when in the hands of an enemy or traitors. Because many of the colleges of our land are thus controlled, it does not signify that they are injurious of themselves. The facts are, they can be made most helpful and protective to the cause of the church.

Because God has used weak agencies to gain great victories, it is no sign that He prefers such and could not win larger battles with better and stronger human instruments. Samson slew many Philistines with a "jawbone" when he lacked a better weapon, but we are confident that he picked out the best "jawbone" he could find.

We humbly thank God for the marvelous way in which the Holy Spirit has honored the best and the poorest of the Church of the Nazarene, in the last twenty-eight years. In that time we have made as much advance as did some of the greatest churches in the period of their early beginnings. For more Holy Ghost fire and power we plead. We should also fail in asking as largely as we ought if we did not also pray for better-equipped soldiers. Paul's learning may have brought him temptations, but his education did not disqualify him for the reception and retention of the Holy Ghost.

The scouts and skirmishers of our church are passing away. While the grave responsibilities of preparing the way for the oncoming army are still upon us, may we do our very best, as a church, for our boys and girls, our army of tomorrow? It has seemed to be the history of movements that each succeeding generation has weakened. We are accustomed to give the generation of the day the full blame. May it not be that the preceding fathers should share the greater burden of fault? We believe this generation can largely fortify the next against weakness and defeat.

We are aware of the vital relationship between the local Church of the Nazarene and the Eastern Nazarene College. We realize that as our students struggle to obtain the intellectual equipment which will enable them, under God, to achieve victories that have been impossible for us in the beginning of things, we must surround them with the best spiritual atmosphere we can pray down. Our desire unto God is to have in Wollaston as near a model Church of the Nazarene as there is in our Eastern Educational District. We wish to keep an example before our coming pastors of a church on fire for God, delighting in our doctrines and our standards of practical living as expressed in our General Rules and Special Advices.

To reach this objective, we need spiritual help from every church sending students to our college. Our spiritual atmosphere will be in many ways a composite reflection of the standards in the home churches. While we cannot overcome the low standards of a home in a moment, no more can we overcome the influence of any laxity or lukewarmness in a home church, immediately. We are merely trying to state that "our church" is our church. In other words every Church of the Nazarene that is sending students to compose the church and student body is helping to make our church at Wollaston by the impressions it is making on its young people at home. Our church at Eastern Nazarene College is considerably a composite product of our church at large.

While it is possible for a school to drag down a church, it is also true that a denomination may lower the standards of a college. It is just as true that both may be an uplift to each other. Such we trust we are at the present time and such may we ever continue to be.

Whatever there may be of hatred of sin, fear of worldliness, love of God, love of his neighbor and fire of the Holy Ghost in the heart of an incoming student, we want all increased many fold, as he goes forth to shepherd some flock and to impress in his turn young people that may come to our college and church with deeper and truer impressions than when the pastor was beginning his school life. We believe that during the history of the Eastern Nazarene College this kind of process and progress has been going on, and we are still advancing in the greatest conflict of the ages, against the trinity of evil, "the world, the flesh and the devil."

—E. E. Angell, Pastor.

Evangelistic Association

THE Evangelistic Association of Eastern Nazarene College was organized September 18, 1922. It had long been the opinion of some of our students that a definite step should be taken to band together those of our number who were looking forward to active Christian service. Not only had the need been felt by the student body, but there had been a call for such an organization from our constituency.

We organized with the following three objects in mind: first, to send out prospective missionaries to hold monthly missionary meetings, and inspire interest in the foreign work; second, to give our young preachers an opportunity to preach in the Nazarene churches; third, to open and establish works in the cities within reaching distance of the college. Our constitution states: "The purpose of this association shall be to carry on the spreading and propagation of the gospel in any territory available. A special task of this association shall be the establishing of pioneer work in the interest of holiness."

We are governed finally by an Advisory Board of five, one of whom is a member of the Board of Trustees of the College. The other members as well are men who have had large experience in evangelistic work, and who are thoroughly competent to give us counsel. Beside this board, we have the usual officers, and eight committees, which carry on the work of the association most ably.

Nearly fifty per cent of the student body, we are thankful to say, belong to the Evangelistic Association. This means that Eastern Nazarene College is fulfilling the purpose for which she came into being; she is producing a body of young people who are to be vitally engaged in Christian work. Our personnel includes a score of missionaries and as many preachers, together with a number of gospel-singers, deaconesses, and Sunday School workers.

In five months we have held approximately two hundred services: preaching, Sunday School, and young people's. Our seekers have numbered nearly one hundred fifty. We have started two new works; in one place we have a growing, live Sunday School. In some churches we have conducted week-end meetings and young people's conventions, and we have had charge of one entire revival.

God is richly blessing us and giving us good success as workers in the vineyard for Him. We remember that Jesus Christ trod the wine-press alone, for us, and our hearts yearn to do more for our Master. We are deeply grateful to Him for giving us so many opportunities to gain experience in the great work of spreading scriptural holiness to which He has called us. We believe that such practical service is a great part of our preparation for more extensive labor when our days of textbooks and recitations shall be over.

This is more, too, than a cold, practical effort on our part. It is our debt of gratitude for the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on Calvary, and our debt of life and light to darkened humanity, that we, as servants of our Lord, seek to discharge. With one accord we say:

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

—D. H. W. C.'24.



Young, Rogers, Southard, Mullen, Matthews, Anderson, Betts, Haas Schurman, Goodnow, Archibald, Belmont, Wolford, Phillips, Kratz, Bailey, Sullivan, Kendall, Nease, Goodrich, Bush, Graleski, Freeman, Peavey, MacDonald, Gatchell, Erickson, Cutter, Bartlett, Strickland, Peirce, Carman, Nelting, Keeler, Haas, Angell, DeLong, White, Gale, Young, Nease, Herrschaft, Schlosser, Sears, Richardson, Marsh

President James A. Young
Vice-President Russell V. DeLong
Secretary Dorothy H. White
Treasurer Doris M. Gale

Board of Advisors
 E. E. Angell S. W. Beers F. J. Shields F. W. Nease L. D. Peavey

Managing T. B. Greene
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Tract D. H. Keeler
Membership K. Goodnow
Publicity H. B. Schlosser
Finance R. V. DeLong
 J. H. Fletcher R. DeP. Haas P. A. Southard D. H. Keeler E. Peavey E. Peavey G. O. MacDonald
 R. D. Schurman M. A. Nease I. G. Phillips K. Sullivan P. A. Southard G. M. Bailey J. Graleski
 D. H. Keeler E. Peavey P. A. Southard T. B. Greene S. Young
 H. G. Gardner T. B. Greene
 A. W. Gould L. J. Sears S. Young

Prospective Preachers and Missionaries



Sonnet to the Young Christian

Numberless as the stars in God's clear sky,
 Darkened by night that never knows a day,
 Helpless as is the dying lamb astray,
 Forlorn and lost on mountain cold and high—
 With hearts so burdened that they ever sigh
 For the "Unknown," sin's anguish to allay—
 Are all sad souls in heathen lands today,
 For whom God gave His only Son to die.
 Awake, ye sleeping youth in Christian land!
 On to the battle's front! Gird on the sword,
 Stab darkness with the light of Calvary!
 Unbind the fetters, let no idol stand;
 But by the power of God's eternal Word,
 From every chain set sin-bound captives free.

—M. Nease.



Your Young Men Shall See Visions

THE captains of industry tell us that certain things are necessary to the ultimate success of any enterprise. A business must have sufficient capital with which to carry on its operations; it must secure men of experience as officials and heads of departments; it must have young men alive with vision to develop its potentialities: otherwise bankruptcy is inevitable. So in every phase of life. Success is assured only by providing the requisites for success.

It is the purpose of the present article to discuss the elements which make for success in the Church of Jesus Christ of the twentieth century. In this age of spiritual apathy, with sin abounding on every hand and higher criticism creeping into our seminaries and pulpits, it is high time that we determine what is essential for victory as a church, tarry until we receive the equipment, and then go forth to conquer.

The essentials to success in the great battle we are waging are three: The Holy Ghost, Vision, Young Men.

I.

Progress means advance, and advance is impossible without a leader. But the church is not left alone. As Jesus was bidding good-bye to his disciples he said, "I will send the Comforter unto you, and when He is come, He will lead you into all truth." This is an era of educational enlightenment—people everywhere are searching for truth and scientists are making bold claims to have found truth contrary to the Word of God—but if we would actually know the truth, we must be led by the Holy Ghost. He alone can reveal Eternal Truth.

Apart from the Holy Ghost it is impossible for the church to have a true vision of spiritual advance. The reason for many a failure in what seem to be worthy, legitimate church projects, is that they were conceived in the mind of man. But when the Holy Ghost is outpoured God's people shall see visions. And when under the guidance of the Holy Ghost these visions are transformed into actualities, Satan trembles, and the ranks of the enemy are put to flight.

Not only do we need the Holy Spirit to lead us into all truth, but we need the *power* which He alone will supply. As we cherish the last words of a departed friend, so should we cherish the last exhortation of Jesus to his disciples: "Tarry ye at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." Christ recognized the weakness of His disciples to cope with the powers of this world. He knew they needed *power*. Before the day of Pentecost, Peter was a man-fearing, unstable individual. But with the baptism of the Holy Ghost, he received power to witness for Christ, and in one day convinced five thousand people that Jesus is the Son of God. "Life," they tell us, "is a search after power." But what might life be *with* power?

Paul, looking out over the centuries, caught a glimpse of men "in the last days," "having a form of godliness but denying the *power* thereof." In this twentieth century, with higher critics tearing our Bible to pieces and flouting the miraculous, will we, the Church of Jesus Christ, find ourselves in the condition which Paul depicts? Or will we take warning from this prophecy, claim the power of the Holy Ghost, and despite all obstacles, "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints"?

II.

Vision is the force that keeps us advancing and saves us from becoming stagnant. There is no place in the economy of God for stagnation.

Men who have accomplished great things have been ever men of vision. Alexander Bell caught a vision of messages hastening back and forth across wires, and by projecting his mind into the future he finally perfected the telephone. The Wright brothers caught a vision of men flying through the air; and, despite the jeers of their fellows, at the risk of their lives they actualized their vision. Vision pierces the fu-

ture; it leads the way from the possible to the impossible. A person without vision is a person standing still; a church without vision is a church slowly retrograding.

It is possible for a man with vision to live ahead of his day, to see and know what is yet to come. Isaiah lived over seven hundred years in the future. When the church was cold and drifting, he mounted the pinnacle of God's observatory, caught a vision of the coming Messiah and cried out, "He is wounded for our transgressions, and with his stripes we are healed." Job sat desolate—body wrecked, wealth gone, family destroyed, hope fled, friends taunting—yet God drew back the veil of time to show him the sunrise of the first Easter morn. And as he saw Christ come forth from the tomb victorious, his spirit burst forth in those exultant words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

Throughout the ages it has been the purpose of God to give His church a vision of the future. When God could get a person so consecrated to His will that self was gone, He would flood his vision with the wondrous possibilities of grace and so bring inspiration to the church. It is for the lack of such vision that the church perishes.

III.

In the promulgation of the gospel, God has a place for every individual, whether he be of one talent or ten. Just as great generals of our day have their armies organized, so in the tremendous warfare against sin. The beauty of an army is obedience and perfect organization; therefore if the church is to move forward as a unit against the adversary it behooves every Christian to find his place in God's organization. And God has ordained a distinct service to be rendered by old men and by young men.

"The old men shall dream dreams." The staunch old warriors who have fought the battle in the heat of the day and won their victories now sit in their tents as the battle rages, directing the forces through their counsel and experience. And as the day-star of life sinks fast beyond the western skyline they are about to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," and pass on to the joys of the overcomer. Who will fill the gaps left by these valiant soldiers?

Young people—opportunity is yours. "The young men shall see visions." In the great economy of God, the place to be filled by the young men is that of forward looking, of vision, of advance. God is calling for young people with life before them to carry the gospel of Jesus to this needy generation. Though foes may arise on every hand, a young man with a vision, led by the Holy Ghost, ready to sacrifice to the limit, is invincible. Young people—the world is dying for you. The church is counting on you. Tarry until ye be endued with power from on high. Get the vision and then go forth.

Already the response is heard. God is planting colleges, calling young people, preparing for the consummation of the conflict of the ages. We pledge that when the last battle has been fought and the last victory won, it shall be said that the students of Eastern Nazarene College rallied to the blood-stained banner of Jesus Christ; that the young people of the Church of the Nazarene arrayed themselves on the side of truth; that the entire church caught the vision and came off more than conqueror.

"Your young men shall see visions."

"For the lack of the vision the people perish."

For the lack of young men the church perishes.

A lost world waits. The church calls. We face the responsibility. We answer the call.

—Russell V. DeLong.

Missionary Society



Officers

Floyd W. Nease.....	<i>President</i>
Hugh C. Benner.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Samuel Young.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Doris M. Gale.....	<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>
Anna French.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
L. D. Benner.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>

EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Here we stand, O fellow Christians, almost seventy members strong;
Hoping, praying, shouts of vict'ry on the frontiers to prolong.

THIS is the response that Eastern Nazarene College Missionary Society is echoing back as the appeals reach us, vibrating and revibrating from the volleys fired upon the foreign field.

Every Nazarene knows how bravely our missionaries are upholding the banner of Christ upon the frontiers of heathendom. Our faculty, our Christian workers, our missionaries-in-training, and all the members of our society humbly feel that we have a share and therefore a responsibility in the great work for which our church stands.

Just as David came to the trench of the Israelites when the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle, so the missionary spirit which pervades all of our society activities indicates that we are standing firm and shouting the battle for those who have already gone forth to the fight on foreign soil and for those of our own number who are training to enter these ranks. The shout has come not merely from the lips; the shout from the hearts of the sacrificing students and teachers has made it possible for our society alone to pledge \$1200 for the support of our workers this year. During the winter months when the battle looked hard from the financial standpoint, our "auxiliary force" immediately rallied to the need and sent in a substantial sacrifice offering.

No individual can abide long in the glow of the camp fires of E. N. C. Missionary Society without feeling his heart warmed by the fervor of missionary zeal. The weekly chapel meetings conducted by this organization offer every member an opportunity to hear of the progress, the struggles, and the needs of the various fields. Thus we are enabled intelligently to unite our faith at those weekly evening sessions of prayer, held solely and exclusively for supplication in behalf of our missionaries. This union of faith we are assured is the very strongest weapon we possess as an auxiliary force in the homeland.

The personal communications which have been sent from our members to our missionaries in every station and the answers received directly from these workers have aided in the maintenance of that personal bond of fellowship in Christ which creates the soul interest and strengthens the heart prayer. In this way they themselves know of our humble but earnest efforts here at school, know our society as a company backing them, and know many of our members as praying, God-loving friends. The detailed maps of the various countries which we are making are giving us much information as to the situation and conditions of our army on the field. These relations, personal and general, remind us of the Psalmist's words as he was describing the blessedness of God's service: "They go from strength to strength"; literally, "from company to company."

Our motto—"We need no greater message than this: Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world"—indicates our recognition of the singleness of purpose necessary in the great cause for which we stand, for which we work, for which we pray. We intend to keep our "ear to the ground" listening for the movements from the battle front, as well as to put our "shoulder to the Gospel wheel" beside our comrades in the churches. Our battle cry is and shall be, "We'll girdle the globe with salvation, with Holiness unto the Lord."

—I. P.



Bible I - II



WE have the honor of being the largest class in Eastern Nazarene College this year. Among the fifty enrolled many are preparing for Christian service in home and foreign fields; others are equipping themselves for various worthy vocations.

The purpose of this Bible class is thoroughly to acquaint our young people with the Word of God, that they may rightly divide the Word of Truth and thus show themselves approved unto God.

With Professor Angell as instructor our success is assured. He has proved to be a source of great inspiration to each member of his class. We have the spirit, the determination, and the material to accomplish all we have planned, and under the influence of God's Word we cannot fail to build lives that will be of service for Him.

Young People's Society



Daniel M. French.....	<i>President</i>
Vida Kratz.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Grace E. Bush.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Ernest Marsh.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Willis Anderson.....	<i>Pianist</i>
Beatrice H. MacKenney.....	<i>Chorister</i>

GENERALLY speaking, only those young people who have been awakened to the verities of life and who have a definite purpose in view with a determination to accomplish that purpose, go to Holiness Colleges. Our society is composed of this type of young people.

Since we have but an hour for our devotional service, and since we wish to give each of our members some opportunity for expression, it is necessary to concentrate our efforts and conserve our time. It is probably for this reason that our meetings, instead of dragging, are lively and inspiring. A short message, a season of intense prayer, a few songs of praise, a testimony service, and the benediction, comprise the features of our program. To give the arrangement of that program is impossible. The leader is chosen a week in advance by the president. He is at liberty to speak upon any subject he desires.

Many of the talks given have been exceedingly helpful and suggestive. The magnetic and magnetizing power of Christ uplifted, the testimony service as a camp fire around which we meet to relate experiences, the Kingdom of God as compared to a Trust Company in which we may all be shareholders, salvation likened to Mathematics that we may be factors for its propagation, are among the many themes that have been discussed with lasting profit. We could ill afford to miss our weekly young people's service.

Chapel Nuggets

Progress is daily reception and assimilation of new ideas.

The measure of our devotion is sacrifice.

The need of the hour is more pious Christians.

If we are not bearers of crosses ourselves, we are sure to be makers of crosses for some one else.

Collective ideals are the gravity of collective development.

Ideals do not guarantee unity, but they furnish the basis for unity.

Unity is achieved only through the conscious subordination of clashing elements.

E. N. C. must furnish the atmosphere in which students can form the highest individual ideals.

E. N. C. is the key to the success or failure of the Eastern Nazarene Church. It should develop leaders who will set the standards; here we must determine and formulate standards.

New light means that Jesus is asking for more room in our lives.

The closer we ourselves approach nothing, the nearer the infilling of the Holy Ghost will approach infinity.

Before we can have any progress, we must have not only mental upheavals but also heart stirrings.

If I can love God enough and man enough, there are not devils enough in hell to get me to hell.

To gain the worth-while things of eternity, it takes top speed all the time.

When God has revealed Himself to the human consciousness as the Infinite One, His task is finished.

Are you a giver or a getter? A maker or a taker? A fountain or a sponge? A bird or a bat?



Old Houses

I love old houses where the autumn wind
Sighs round the corners, whispers thru old trees,
And sweeps the brown leaves from the garden path
To nestle mid the dead and dying flowers.
Old houses—gray and faded, like the leaves
That gather round the doorstones smoothly worn
By feet of many generations past.
Sad houses—set alone on country roads,
Their sagging shutters creaking in the wind;
Whose bare blank windows with their staring panes
Gaze out across the dead grass of the yard
To tangled thickets, where the sparrows hide.
Dear houses—full of happy memories
Of home and firelight glow in days gone by;
Sweet memories of mothers' tender eyes,
Of fathers' faces full of love and pride,
Of merry children romping thru long halls,
The walls reechoing with each laugh and shout.
Thanksgiving feast and joyous Christmas-tide
Roll by each year as seasons come and go.
And then I see the aged grandsire sit
Before the fire dreaming of days of yore;
While in the dying embers on the hearth
He sees the fading brightness of his life.
At last he passes on to the Unknown,
Leaving the old house there alone and sad,
Till like the old man's life it wears away.
Such houses bring to me sweet memories
Of times both sad and glad, until a mist
Steals o'er my eyelids, and I whisper low,
"Blest be all homes, with memories like these."

—Mabel G. Slocum. C-'26.

Nautilus

Retrospect

WE American youth set out for college gaily. When we finished the four grinding, difficult years of high school in our own home towns, we said, "Now I shall truly begin to live." Our trunks seemed almost to pack themselves—so eager were we to begin this process of living—as if they wished to hurry the experiment a little. But when we look back upon college life from the sober (!), wise (?) vantage ground of a Junior, we find that the years have borne little resemblance to those dream-years that we spent in fond anticipation.

There are a great many dreams of college life that actually come true, notwithstanding. The new sensation of being thrown in company with a large number of young people of my own age is distinctly a pleasureable one, after the first few weeks of adaptation and the first spells of homesickness are past. I meet students from every part of my own country, and some from other lands, who have delightful tales to recount to me of places which I have never had the privilege of visiting; I may perchance find pleasure in doing the same for them. I form one of a group about the piano and sing the songs that I love; I awake, long after the dean is asleep, to indigestible spreads of pickles and cream-puffs. Tennis courts are the scenes of lively, loud combats; examinations are hours to be dreaded, agonizingly experienced, slowly forgotten. In the more serious aspect of college life, too, many of my dreams are realized. I am deeply stirred—as only youth can be stirred—time and time again, when I face life, stripped of its conventionalities, shorn of its glamour. And there is born deep in my heart a desire to build character of silver and gold and precious stones, to scorn the wood and hay and stubble. Thus I have, to some extent, the fun, the tender hours, and the serious times; some of my air-castles do not tumble.

But it is of the host of things concerning which I have been neutral or even negative in my anticipation of college days that I wish to write. I have wondered often if, when I am graduated from college, I shall remember more clearly the lessons I learned from text-books or those I learned from other sources. Will the philosophic system of Kant be as vivid in my memory as the jubilant choruses of the Messiah? I think it will not. Nor do I, for an instant, intend to detract from the value of text-book and class instruction. I am firm in my belief that a College of Liberal Arts is what the name indicates. Surely it is a *college*; its students have assembled with at least the mutual purpose of gaining knowledge. Surely, too, it is *liberal*; no one will deny the fact that its students are broader, bigger world-citizens for the wide variety of subjects studied and the diversified points of view they are constantly forced to take. And if successful living is the art I am convinced it is, is there any just reason why a conscientious pursuit of the liberal arts should not aid them in the great art of living?

I am concerned primarily, however, not with this side of college life, but more particularly with individual experiences of student activity. There must be in the tapestry of education some bright threads with colors guaranteed never to fade. Some of these are the life principles which I have ingrained in me during my college course: loyalty to my Alma Mater and to my classmates (have I not proclaimed the Juniors

both sober and wise, when in reality we are not so much the first as we should be, and feel less and less the second every day?), adaptability, initiative, perseverance—and very, very many more. “The college is not,” says Francis Cummins Lockwood, “a place for idleness and triviality, for sport and luxury, for a thousand and one absorbing side-interests. It is an arena for intellectual wrestling—a place where the soul is to practice its athletics. It is here that young men are to come to grips with themselves, and with the blood-red social and political problems of their own day. Here truth is to be sought and won—at whatever cost of personal comfort.” And oh, that it might be graven deep upon the hearts of us!

Not all intellectual wrestling, however, is done in the classroom. That it is the result of classroom training no one will dispute; yet often an alien influence will give the student an addition to “the store of solid mental and spiritual wealth he should carry with him.” Everything depends, too, on the attitude of the student himself toward the individual activities of college life. I cannot receive my stimulus for thought from any particular experience if I sit with my nose in a book constantly, and never lift it to sniff keenly the air of the untried. The bright threads in my tapestry will be irregular and few if, when I am graduated, I can quote William James, or any one else, glibly—and fail to know my own mind.

And I have unsurpassed opportunities at my hand! I refuse to attend the great missionary rally to be held in Malden, that I may not fail to have my history lesson tomorrow; and forever—forever there is gone from my life an experience which would have made a beautiful golden thread in my tapestry. I have not gained anything, for I might have planned to prepare the lesson beforehand; nine times out of ten the professor lectures and I could make it up afterward. I feel that I cannot attend literary society every other Friday evening and receive an *excellent* mark in my English; I miss not only the hour of relaxation after a hard week's work, but also a much broader vision, scores of new topics of vital interest. Why would not a *good* mark do as well, if I gain a working knowledge of subjects of which I am ignorant, merely by listening to an essay or taking part in a discussion? I have a deep interest in violin music; but when Jascha Heifetz gives a concert I let the time slip by unheeded—though I might have sat with hundreds of other lovers of music and felt enkindled in my heart a new flame, which would have made me a bigger person, a better student. And my tapestry remains drab, when a shining line of silver might have been woven into it. Perhaps I may even slight conversation with my Maker because I am too ardent a student of books; and infinitely dear is the knowledge I secure at such a cost!

I am a weaver in a college. I am weaving my tapestry, and I want it of colors that fade not, yet rich and rare; of texture that shall endure. If my four years of college shall mean this in the bright light of criticism, under the wear of a lifetime of daily usage, perchance I shall be successful in the art of living. Like Mary, I keep these things, and ponder them in my heart.

—Dorothy H. White. C-24.



Breseean Literary Society

Breseean Literary Society means to the students of the College Department a combination of educational pleasure and pleasurable education.

Literary interests in our College are in no danger of being lost sight of so long as this society maintains the high standard of its programs, which are rendered alternate Friday evenings in the Expression Room.

Society and school spirit is one of the hobbies of the Breseeans; and everywhere their colors of black and orange are found you may also expect to find loyal members living up to those words which they have chosen as their motto: "Striving to know the truth; loyal to the truth as we see it."

Scientific Program

January 5, 1923

Invocation.....	Chaplain
Roll Call: Quotations: Laws of Physics and Chemistry	
Instrumental Trio—Russell V. DeLong.....	<i>Violin</i>
Hugh C. Benner.....	<i>Cello</i>
Ralph D. Schurman.....	<i>Piano</i>
Alexander Graham Bell (Biography).....	Edith Peirce
Scientific Story.....	Clarence Haas
Vocal Duet.....	Grace Bush and Margaret Patin
Paper: Radium and Its Uses.....	Dorothea Gatchell
Vocal Solo.....	Doris Gale
Practical Chemistry.....	Howard Herrschaft

(Demonstrated Experiment)



Officers

First Semester

Dorothy H. White.....	President	H. G. Herrschaft
Gladys O. MacDonald.....	Vice-President	Alice Spangenberg
Irva G. Phillips.....	Secretary	Gladys O. MacDonald
Mabel Slocum	Treasurer	Clarence Haas
Doris M. Gale.....	Chaplain	Margaret Patin
Douglas M. Betts.....	Sergeant-at-Arms	David H. Keeler
L. D. Benner.....	Chairman Program Com.	L. D. Benner

Second Semester

Nails

ON Hilda's counter in the Ten Cent Store there were tacks, screws, nails, hinges, wire.

"Nails," she said to herself, "what good are they? I count them out for the customers—one, two, three, four, five packages. Nails," Hilda sighed, and glanced at Maizie across the aisle. Maizie of the pretty eyes and doll-like face sold Victrola records. "Nails for carpets. But Victrola records for happy hearts. If—"

"Ten of these, lady." A man in very dirty overalls pointed to the hinges.

"And nails, too," asked Hilda contemptuously, "to fit them?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'm so happy down on the farm," the lady on the Victrola sang. Softly Hilda hummed it over to herself. Across the aisle Maizie reigned supreme. Young girls as they passed stopped to admire the lovely creature. Sometimes when no customers were at her counter she could play any record she liked. Hilda wished—but then, Maizie was small and pink and curly-haired. Hilda examined a wisp of her own very straight locks.

"Give me a package of tacks," demanded a woman with two cross-looking wrinkles between her brows.

"Yes'm," Hilda replied, coolly respectful.

"Say, Hilda, here once!" the manager interrupted in his broken English. Plainly the broad-shouldered German was excited. "Dot girl," pointing to Maizie, "she breaks records. Many she has broken already. Today, now, she was careless, and, bang! So quick one breaks. Many times I tell her. Ach! She is dumb! These she cannot break." Motioning to the unbreakable articles on her counter, he moved on.

Could it be that if Maizie should break some more, the manager would put her on the hardware counter and Hilda at—Hilda thrilled at the possibilities. But she—plain, unattractive—would perhaps fit better at the hardware counter than would dainty Maizie.

The crowds were becoming thicker as the regular Saturday afternoon rush began. The people jostled and pushed like so many cattle.

"They think," Hilda said in an unoccupied moment to Mary Ryan, "that I have five pairs of ears. Half a dozen tell me all at the same time that they want wire, picture hangers, tacks and everything else on the counter. Dear!" she sighed, and sifted some nails idly through her fingers.

"Don't you sigh, don't you cry,

For you're Mammy's little Coal Black Rose,"

warbled the song on the record, above the murmur of many voices.

"Say, aint that a real pretty piece!" exclaimed Mary Ryan. "It goes up and down so nice. La, la, la—yes, what do you want, lady?"

Many persons bought hardware on that particular Saturday—more than usual, it seemed. And then, when people for hours continued to believe that salesgirls had five pairs of ears, when her head was splitting with the strain, when even Mary Ryan's good-natured chatter annoyed—Hilda's scattered thoughts trailed off into blankness.

"If that record Maizie's playing now aint even prettier than the one before! Don't it set you to goin', huh? Sakes, I wish I worked on that counter."

"Yes," Hilda sighed, "Maizie's a lucky girl."

"Say, missus." Two small boys, one barely tall enough to see the articles on the table, were glancing eagerly at the hardware. "Say," the older one repeated, "we want some nails to build a house." He handed her ten pennies.

"A house? You mean a play house?"

"No, missus, a real house in our back yard, out of wood."

The younger boy's bright eyes looked pleadingly at Hilda and he repeated, "A weal house."

"And that piece is the 'Midnight Fire Alarm.' The girl that lives next door to me—she drums it on the piano, but she can't get in all them quick notes so good."

"Miss, miss." The two deep wrinkles on the woman's forehead aided Hilda in recognizing her as the person to whom she had sold some tacks a few hours before. "This afternoon I ordered a box of tacks and you gave me a box of nails. If you ain't stupid! I didn't know about it till I got home, and then I had to come way back. I'll never buy in this store again."

"I'm awfully sorry, missus—I guess it's because I'm tired," she added weakly.

"There ain't so many nails left. We'd ought to get more, huh?" Mary asked.

"Nails almost gone?" Hilda asked almost joyfully. "But then, there are more where those came from."

Slowly the hours wore on until closing time. The salesgirls were making preparations for leaving. Hilda watched Maizie across the aisle as she put away the shining black discs.

"I've got to hurry," Maizie called to her. Hilda watched one of the records slip neatly out of her hand. Maizie blushed piteously as she heard it crash.

"Hilda!" Maizie cried as the tears glistened in her eyes. "What shall I do?"

"Pick it up," she called back coldly. The words of the manager came back to Hilda now. Possibly this was her opportunity to work at the cherished counter. Of course Maizie was young and charming, but the manager was terribly out of patience with her carelessness. Hilda walked to the office at the rear of the store.

"Mr. Saneholtz, there is something that I am very sorry to have to say." She paused.

"Yes, Miss?" The manager urged her to go on.

"Today—" again she paused. The lady with the cross wrinkles was frowning at her. Then she saw the tears glistening in Maizie's eyes.

"Today—er—I need an order blank. The supply of nails is low."

"An order blank? Ach, that's nothing to feel bad about, Fraulein, gewiss."

In a daze Hilda left the office and went to her poorly furnished home. It was a welcome refuge from folk who were demanding nails! nails! nails! She merely toiled with her supper.

"Are you tired?" her mother asked. "You'd better go to bed right away."

Once in her own room, Hilda flung herself on the bed and sobbed. What had she done? Should she not have told the manager? Would this mean wire, tacks, screws, hinges, *nails* forever? She was very tired. Things began to become blurred in her mind. She fell asleep. Again she was in the store, at her counter, and Maizie was across the aisle. A record slipped from her fingers. Deftly Hilda ran across and stopped it before it broke. When she returned, it seemed that the hardware looked brighter, perhaps because the lights were turned on. Once more Maizie dropped a record, and once more Hilda ran to catch it before it fell.

"Look!" Mary Ryan pointed to the nails. "Aint they bright!"

Again and again they dropped from Maizie's fingers and always Hilda saved them. But the strange part of the dream was that the nails and screws were becoming brighter and brighter, until the whole counter was shining with articles of purest gold. And when Hilda awoke, she was very happy.

—Alice Spangenberg. C'23.



Athenian Literary Society

THE Athenian Literary Society, consisting of the Academic, Christian Worker, and Sub-Preparatory students, exists to advance the literary standards of our school.

We are finding more and more enjoyment in the society, and yet our loyal members are not afraid of active work. Our semi-monthly programs are planned and rendered with the utmost care. Those who take part in the programs have come to exhibit a remarkable willingness to avail themselves of the opportunity of developing their talents and abilities. The officers, with the hearty co-operation of the members, gladly do their best to make the society worthy of its name and motto.

Occasionally a member of the Breseean Literary Society shows his appreciation of our accomplishments by his presence. We are the advancing rival of the college society, and we expect some day to overtake it.

Program

1. Roll Call
2. InvocationChaplain
3. A Short Talk.....Prof. R. W. Gardner
4. Character Sketches of Noted Scientists—
 1. Guglielmo Marconi.....Florence Moy
 2. Alexander Bell.....Edith Angell
 3. Robert Fulton.....Ray Haas
 4. Benjamin FranklinEvelyn Allen
 5. Thomas Edison.....Josephine Kropf
5. Quartette—Pianos and Violins—

Adele Temple	Sadie Peavey
Edna Foote	Helen Pillsbury
6. Original Autobiography.....Lurla Dwinell
7. Athenian Quartette—

Myrtle Erickson	Ruth Rollins
Ruth MacIntosh	Marybelle Freeman
8. Paper on Radio.....Harold Gardner
9. Piano Solo.....Dorcas Tarr
10. Oracle.....Grazia Haselton
11. Trio.....Arthur Gould, Willis Anderson, Edward Deware



Officers

First Semester

Marybelle Freenan	President	Charles E. Deware
L. J. Sears	Vice-President	James Young
Ruth B. White	Secretary	Ruth Rollins
Ernest Marsh	Treasurer	Harold Gardner
George Rogers	Chaplain	K. Sullivan
Stillman Mullen	Sergeant-at-Arms	Samuel Young

Second Semester

An American

AMERICA as the land of opportunity has been sung by enthusiastic writers from the pre-Revolutionary Crèvecoeur's *Journal of an American Farmer* to the present day, when books numbered by the score narrate the rise of an immigrant from poverty and ignorance to honor. Among the more recent of these, *The Americanization of Edward Bok, the Autobiography of a Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*, is a remarkable story. Its writer embodies the spirit and tendencies of modern America. He gives us a new realization of the unbounded opportunity America offers her foreign-born citizens to gain wealth, culture, and influence. He gives us, too, a fresh sense of the amazing spirit of democracy which, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, actually exists in America. The twentieth-century spirit of reform was strong in Edward Bok. His career as Editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* was emphatically that of the crusader. And the modern spirit of vast undertakings is exemplified in the large scale on which he conceived and carried out his reform programs.

Edward Bok came to the United States when he was six years old. His father, having lost his fortune in the Netherlands, had decided to make a fresh start in America. But his unfamiliarity with the business methods of the new country seriously hindered him, and for the next few years the family were in the dire financial straits of the unaided immigrant. Accordingly, at the age of thirteen, Edward left school and went to work as countless other foreign-born children have been forced to do. But his desire to be and do something worth-while was only increased, and he turned eagerly to reading the lives of men who had risen in spite of their lack of a formal education.

One day the inspiration came to him to write a letter to James A. Garfield (who, he read, had started life as a boy on the tow-path). Receiving a cordial, full reply, he was encouraged to send similar letters to General Grant, General Lee, General Sherman, Longfellow, Whittier, and Tennyson. From them all he received valuable, detailed answers. A few of his "distinguished correspondents" became interested in their eager young questioner, and, when they came to New York, invited Edward to visit them. And so he began, not only to write to great people, but also to see and to talk with them. He called on President Garfield, General Sherman, Jefferson Davis, and President Hayes. And, most wonderful of all, he took dinner with General Grant one night at the Fifth Avenue Hotel!

His interest in the lives of famous writers naturally set him to reading their books. Especially was he attracted to the works of the New England group: Holmes, Longfellow, and Emerson. He had saved a little money, he greatly wished to see them, and, as they did not often visit New York, why should he not spend his vacation in Boston and meet as many of them as possible?

In Boston the first celebrity he visited was Oliver Wendell Holmes. Edward Bok naively told him the object of his pilgrimage: "Every successful man," he believed, "had something to tell a boy that would be likely to help him." Doctor Holmes was much amused; he led Edward smilingly to a front basement room that he had fitted up as a complete little carpenter shop. "You know I am a doctor," he said, "and this shop is my medicine. I believe that every man must have a hobby that is as different from his regular work as it is possible to be. So this is my hobby. Don't keep always at your business, whatever it may be. We doctors call a hobby a safety-valve, and it is. I would much rather you would forget all that I have ever written than that you would forget what I tell you about having a safety-valve." Edward inquired which of his own poems was his favorite. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "I think *The Chambered Nautilus* is my most finished piece of work, and I suppose it is my favorite."

From Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward went to Longfellow. He read several of Longfellow's own poems to him in Dutch, had dinner with him, and then went with him for a stroll about Cambridge. It was altogether a memorable day for the

boy. The next day he enjoyed equally delightful visits with Phillips Brooks, Louisa Alcott and Ralph Waldo Emerson. At the end of the week, when Edward took the train back to New York, he was almost overwhelmed by the flood of wonderful experiences that had come to him.

Some time after Edward joined the Philomathean Society, made up of the young men of Henry Ward Beecher's church. He decided that the society needed an "organ," and the *Philomathean Review* was promptly launched with Edward Bok as editor. The little paper thrived wonderfully and soon Edward, now deeply interested in the publishing business, had an opportunity to become the stenographer of Henry Holt. His work here, of course, gave him knowledge that was exceedingly valuable. He discovered that American women were not newspaper readers—simply because there were no distinctive articles or departments for them. Through his initiative a syndicate of ninety newspapers was organized which published a woman's page. The project met with unlooked-for favor.

This success naturally led to greater interest on his part, till in 1889, after seven years of rapid advancement and hard work, Edward Bok found himself editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The possibilities of the field were what attracted him. "It was," he says, "not only wide open, but fairly crying out to be filled. The editor's psychology is simple. The American public always wants something a little better than it asks for and the successful man is the man who follows this golden rule."

To tell of all the innovations and reforms that Edward Bok initiated would take several volumes. Remembering his own craving for an education, he offered free scholarships at the leading conservatories and colleges to any one who would obtain a certain number of subscriptions to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The success of this plan may be judged when we learn that (to the close of 1919) 1455 scholarships were awarded. He undertook a campaign to improve the small-house architecture of America. Everywhere he had travelled—and he had travelled widely—he had been appalled by the ornate ugliness of the houses. "He believed," he declares, "that he might serve thousands of his readers if he could make it possible for them to secure, at moderate cost, plans for well-designed houses by the leading domestic architects in the country." And so, indeed, it proved; for during the twenty-five years that he published these plans, the number of houses built from them ran into the thousands. From plans of small houses he turned to plans of small gardens, and was equally successful. Then he began publishing pictures of correctly and simply furnished interiors of his small houses. Once more he accomplished a significant reform. In his travels Mr. Bok also noticed "the disreputably untidy spots which various municipalities allowed in the closest proximity to the center of their business life." He, therefore, began publishing a series of photographs of "Dirty Cities." Of course the cities attacked were roused to indignation—and also to improvement campaigns. Every new abuse and need for improvement that came to his notice during his thirty years of editorship he as promptly called to the people's attention, sometimes with the remedy, sometimes as a problem for them to work out themselves.

Looking back over his fifty years of life in America, Edward Bok can see that in some things the spirit of America has been a hindrance rather than a help to him. He says, "When I came to the United States as a lad of six, I had been taught that thrift was one of the fundamentals in a successful life. But in America there was waste, and the most prodigal waste on every hand. And it is into this atmosphere that the foreign-born comes now, with every inducement to spend and no encouragement to save." Again he says, "As a Dutch boy, one of the cardinal truths taught me was that whatever was worth doing was worth doing well. I came to America to be taught exactly the opposite. The two Americanisms—'That's good enough' and 'That will do'—were early taught me, together with the maxim of quantity rather than quality. In the Netherlands I was taught a wholesome respect for law and authority. In America there was little respect for the law; there was scarcely any for those appointed to enforce it." And when he was of age and wished to become a voter he met further difficulties. No one could tell him whether, being foreign-born though the son of a naturalized citizen, he had the right to vote or not. Not until

he had visited six municipal departments did he learn that he had. Indeed his first experience at voting was throughout a most laborious and perplexing process. "Is it any easier today for the foreign citizen to acquire this information when he approaches his first vote?" he asks. "There are agencies for this purpose, we know. But how about the foreign-born? Does he know?"

Then he turns to the other side of the picture—the help America has given him. "I owe to her the most priceless gift that any nation can offer, and that is opportunity," he says. "As the world stands today, no nation offers opportunity in the degree that America does to the foreign-born. What is not generally understood of the American people is their idealism. It is this quality which gives the truest inspiration to the foreign-born in his endeavor to serve the people of his adopted country. And I ask no greater privilege than to be allowed to see my potential America become actual: the America that I like to think of as the America of Abraham Lincoln and of Theodore Roosevelt. It is a part of trying to shape that America and an opportunity to work in that America when it comes that I ask in return for what I owe to her."

—Edith C. Peirce. C'24.

COLLEGE SONG FOR E. N. C.

(Tune: *Maryland, My Maryland.*)

I.

God planted thee, we dare to boast,
E. N. C., dear E. N. C.,
On old New England's rock-bound coast,
E. N. C., dear E. N. C.
Oh, ne'er forget the trust He gave!
"My laborers, falter not, be brave;
For I've a world for thee to save,
E. N. C., My E. N. C."

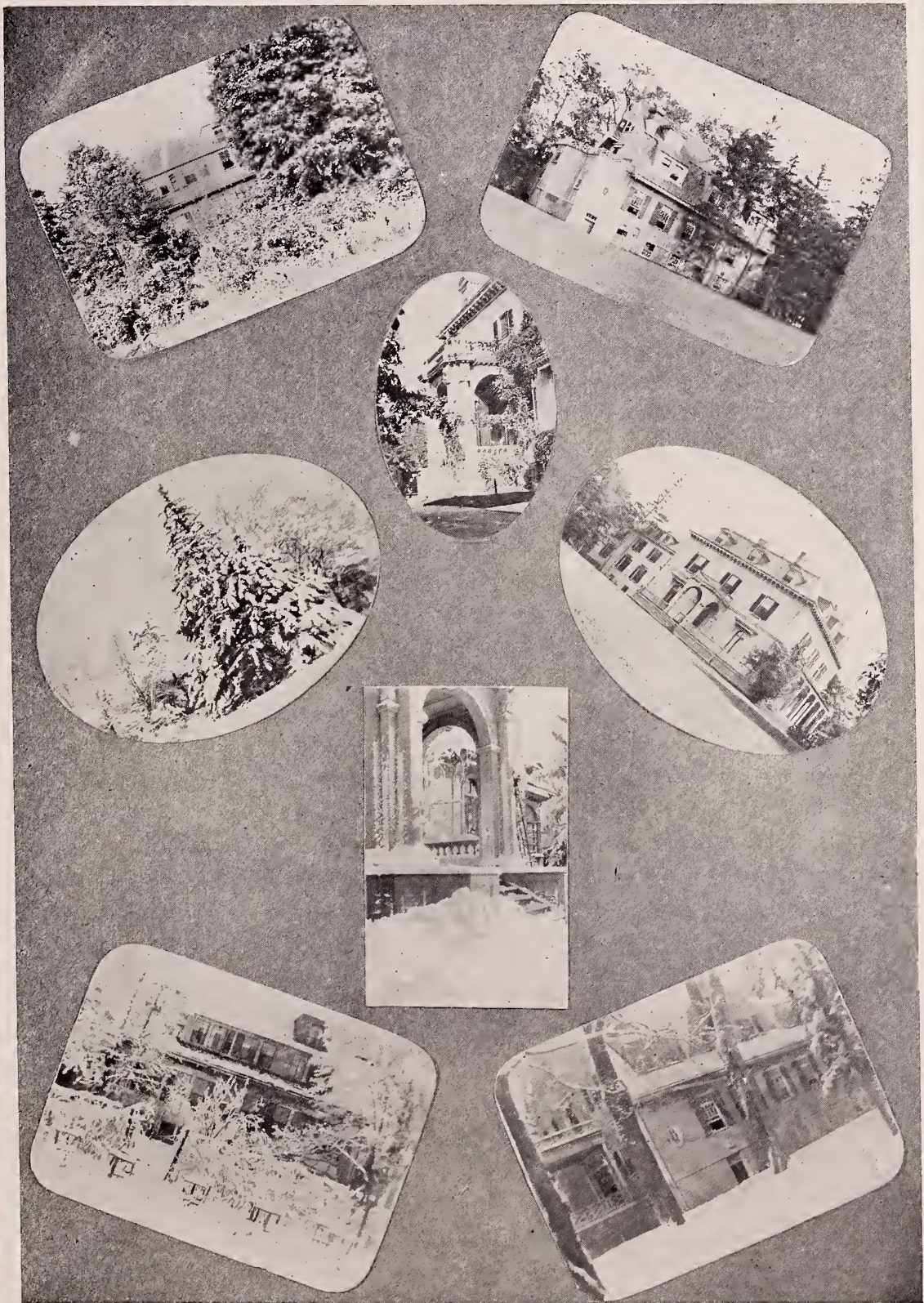
II.

Then on our campus let God dwell,
E. N. C., our E. N. C.
Within our halls His praises tell,
E. N. C., our E. N. C.
We'll do thy bidding without fear;
We'll send thy message far and near,
And span His world with heaven's cheer,
E. N. C., dear E. N. C.

III.

True sons and daughters on the field,
E. N. C., Oh, E. N. C.,
A deathless covenant have sealed,
E. N. C., Oh, E. N. C.
They pledged thee with a purpose just
Thy standard ne'er to trail in dust.
They'll save God's world and keep thy trust,
E. N. C., God's E. N. C.

—M. NEASE.



TRIVIA*

NON SCIO

There are many things I do not know. I cannot tell how old the world is. More stars are in the heavens than I can count. Sun spots perplex me. Young growing plants puzzle me. Caterpillars mystify me. I do not know what I shall do tomorrow—whether the day will be bright and beautiful or tedious and painful. Perhaps if I coax, Barbara will sing for me. I cannot tell about Barbara. I do not know if the fancies I have dreamed into my life will fade. All these things I do not know. But God does—and I can wait.

—A. S.

THE LANTERN

I see it as I raise my eyes from my books, to glance out for an instant into the darkness of the night—a murky orange gleam of light, bobbing slowly up the roadway. Our janitor is keeping furnace fires bright, to give us warm rooms. An hour before midnight, as I lie sleepless, a square of light flits steadily across the ceiling and goes out through the window. And I know it is the shine of the old lantern again on its way up the road.

The hand behind the light is roughened and toil-worn, I know. More—there is a heart beating faithfully in its round of disagreeable, dusty tasks. I shall be a better woman for the shine of that lantern. May I ever scatter light as faithfully in my work as does—our janitor.

—D. H. W.

BIRDS

From the North eager columns of birds escape from the chill in the air and fly to their Southern homes. Here by my window I watch them. During the long, cold winter they will warm themselves in Southern sunshine. They will perch on tree limbs, bathe in pools, fly over distant villages that I have never seen. It is good to be a bird—to sing on spring mornings; to rest on branches glorious with apple blossoms; to soar far into the trackless heaven.

Some day I, too, shall soar beyond the atmosphere that bird-wings have fanned. Some day I shall take my Long Flight to God.

—A. S.

*With apologies to Pearsall Smith.

EGO

The laboratory. My eye glued fast to the instrument, I am studying the microscopic world. These invisible units of life have become monsters. With half an effort they might devour me. Take away my scope—in the drop of water I can perceive nothing. The creatures are minute, indistinguishable. What a superior being I am!

The observatory—and I am looking upward through a gigantic telescope. The planets are tiny, blurred spheres, even with so powerful a magnification. In my supremest effort, in my farthest stretches of thought, I fail to comprehend them. Take away my instrument and they glitter above me: cold, unapproachable, transcendent. What sort of helpless, infinitesimal creation am I? —D. H. W.



THE WORLDLESS LOGIC

Consider the gorgeous sunset,
With clouds of glorious hue;
The vast, unruffled ocean,
Its infinite stretch of blue;
The field of nodding daisies,
Fresh bathed in morning dew;
Or the humming bird, so tiny,
With its melody rich and new.
And canst thou still believe
There is no God?

Consider the summer storm-clouds,
As o'erhead they roll and crash;
The deep, weird voice of thunder,
The lightning's angry flash;
The silvery sheets of rain-drops,
As down, then up they splash;
While the violent gusts of mysterious wind
The tall trees strain and lash.
And canst thou still believe
There is no God? M. N.

Devotion to Principle

DEVOTION to principle is an excellent motto. Its value depends, evidently, on the principle selected. If we aim high our principles will be high; if we look low, our principles will be low. Men have lived and died fighting for principles which were unworthy of the devotion bestowed upon them. Lee, fighting for states-rights and slavery, both principles of dubious, even negative, value would to many serve as illustration of this point. Men of these days, fighting for what they call the principles of liberty, are trying to tear down the eighteenth amendment to the constitution. Can we say that they have no principles? Is it not rather better to say that they have looked too low, that they have mistaken license for liberty, and have made license, rather than liberty, their principle?

Devotion to principle—how important it is that the principle be right! A life devoted to wrong principle is a life thrown away—with this exception, that a steadfast devotion to wrong principles should show us how much more steadfastly we who have right principles should cling to them.

Let us look, then, at some of the principles which are of an excellence worthy of devotion. Let us give devotion to God the first place. That is our first duty. It should be first in the life of every man, of every woman in the world. Devotion to God—what does it mean? Just this: that I am His entirely, that I am yielded to His will, that I am His to do with as it pleases Him—in a word, that I can say with Saint Paul, "Not I, but Christ." This is the great principle. He who misses this misses the highest, the best in life. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," said Jesus, "with all thy heart and soul and strength. This is the great commandment."

After devotion to God let us place devotion to others. This is the second cardinal principle. After stating the great commandment Jesus said, "And the second is like unto it: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is not the kind of love that works only when things are going our way. This is not the kind of love which cares for others only after it has cared for itself. It is a devotion which denies itself that others may be helped. Such a devotion moved Livingston in Africa, moved John G. Paton in the New Hebrides, moved Carey in India. Every man and every woman who has accomplished really lasting things in this world has been actuated by this devotion. Such a devotion is moving men and women now, causing them to lay down their lives, perhaps in out-of-the-way places, that others may hear the gospel of Jesus Christ; that others may be helped through their sufferings.

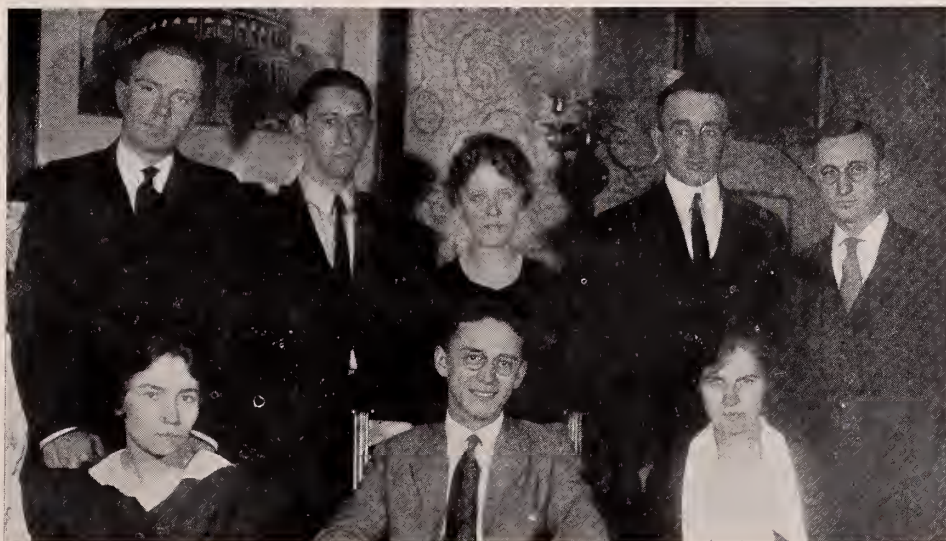
In Shakespeare's *Hamlet* Polonius says to his son Laertes, "To thine own self be true . . . thou canst not then be false to any man." Very real this is: being true to ourselves involves being true to the other fellow; being true to ourselves involves being true to God. One who is not true to God, one who is not true to others, is as surely false to himself. He is shutting out of his life the only two sources of blessing this life has to offer.

—Kent Goodnow. C'26.





Students' Organization



Council

Howard G. Herrschaft.....	<i>President</i>
Alice Spangenberg.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Ethelyn B. Peavey.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Clarence Haas	<i>Treasurer</i>
Leslie J. Sears.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
Russell V. DeLong.....	<i>President of College Department</i>
Ray DeP. Haas.....	<i>President of Christian Workers' Department</i>
Marybelle Freeman.....	<i>President of Academic Department</i>

ACCORDING to our Constitution the object of the Students' Organization is to organize and carry on the undertakings which affect college life and to see that the proper relationship is maintained between the general student body and each particular organization.

The organization is composed of all students enrolled in the college, but most of the actual work is carried on through the agency of the Executive Council. This Council consists of the Presidents of the three departments—College, Academy, and Theological—together with the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary, the Treasurer, and the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Students' Organization.

Although we have been active this year, we have not done much to attract attention. The work has been mainly that of electing the various committees and keeping everything in good running order. We are publishing the second volume of the NAUTILUS under the direction of the Nautilus Staff elected by the organization. We have, in connection with this undertaking, succeeded in designing and adopting a college seal.

From the student standpoint we feel that the year has not been wasted, and we are looking forward eagerly to advance steps in the coming year with its various activities.

Alumni Association



LEONARD WONNACOTT
President

THE strength of a college is its Alumni. They represent its finished product; they perpetuate its spirit and its traditions. Here Eastern Nazarene College is by no means weak. She has not as yet a body of college alumni—this year she sends out her first; she does boast a loyal, enthusiastic association of graduates of the Eastern Nazarene College Academy and Theological courses and of the several departments of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute. They are her own; the change of name and of academic status has not estranged them from their Alma Mater.

Eastern Nazarene College is worthily represented by her alumni. In the first place, they are up and doing. Their names spell success in various fields. The alumni roll numbers physicians, business men, pastors, evangelists, district superintendents, college instructors, religious educators, nurses, field workers here and abroad, home makers. Where one finds a P. C. I. or an E. N. C. graduate one is almost sure to find a man or woman who knows how to work, how to think, and how to live—who has ambition and the will to actualize that ambition.

In the second place, the alumni are "carrying on." They are living the ideals of our institution. P. C. I. was founded in blood, in sacrifice, in love for the lost of earth. E. N. C. is maintained by a church who believes no cost too great if its young people may be educated with a desire to spread to a needy world the good news of complete redemption. That spirit of sacrifice and love is aglow today in the hearts of the alumni. When the annals shall be written of those who "counted not their lives dear unto them," there shall appear in letters of light such names as L. S. Tracy, Julia Gibson, Paul and Gertrude Thatcher, Lillian Cole, Myrtle Pelley. And the same spirit that took them on their mission to the uttermost parts is the motive power in the life of many a faithful Christian alumnus in the homeland: pioneer, rescue worker, teacher, mother.

Finally, our Alumni are not forgetful of their Alma Mater. Every year their representatives gather at the College headquarters to bind the ties closer by giving material assistance. They have already furnished substantial aid to the college laboratory, and at present are launching a campaign to secure within two years a contribution of twenty dollars from each member, the sum to be appropriated for the general fund. More than this, the hearts and the prayers of the Alumni are with us, and in these we are rich indeed.



DR. JULIA R. GIBSON
Vice-President



ANNA C. FRENCH
Treasurer

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Ephraim Wordsworth is pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene of Minneapolis, Minn.

Elliott Vaughan is attending Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.

Carroll A. Durfee is teaching science at Taylor University, Upland, Indiana.

Dr. Julia R. Gibson is at present practising medicine at 691 Chauncey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Irwin French has a responsible position with Webster and Atlas National Bank, Boston.

Leonard Wonnacott, our president, is in a Wall Street office.

Elizabeth Goozee is enrolled at Tufts Medical College, Boston.

Agnes Gardiner is a missionary at Kishorganj, India.

Ruth Durkee is now Mrs. Winfield Gardiner, Derry, N. H.

Elmer Andersen is leaving the East for California.

Louis Reed is to serve as Acting President at Pasadena University the coming year.

Dr. Willis B. Parsons upon his return from Germany has settled as a dentist at Scituate Harbor, Mass.

Warner Turpel is being greatly blessed in revivals in the Provinces. (Address Alberton, P.E.I.)

Joy Hutman's address is 594 Morris St., Albany, N. Y.

Myrtle Pelley has at last reached her chosen field in Swaziland, South Africa.

Albert Frank Ruth has charge of Religious Education in five Methodist churches in Lawrence and Methuen, Mass.

Susie Durfee (Mrs. Lewis A. Brown) is working with her husband at a Baptist Church in Providence en route for Africa.

Clyde Sumner and Blossom Jewett Sumner are at E. Beekmantown Methodist Church, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Lula Rounds (Mrs. Wilfred Frye) lives in New Galilee, Pa.

V. T. Dimitroff is teaching in Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

Emily Spencer is Mrs. Merrill Round—57 Hudson St., Providence, R. I.

Ethel Eager is taking nurses' training at the General Hospital, Bridgeport, Conn.

Rev. L. S. Tracy, on furlough from India, and Rev. and Mrs. Paul Thatcher (Gertrude Pritchett) on furlough from Japan, are at Nampa, Idaho.

Mayme I. Weaver is married. Can any one give us her name and address?

Lewis Ondis (Ciuccio) is attending Northeastern University, Boston.



HAZEL R. HARDING
Secretary

Amphictyon Council



Officers

Laurence Rush	<i>President</i>
Gladys O. MacDonald.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Charles E. Deware.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

THE AMPHICTYON COUNCIL of our College was organized November 1, 1921, for the purpose of creating a new and more lively interest in history. We realize that "history repeats itself," and therefore see the value of becoming acquainted with the records of the centuries.

The original Amphictyonic Council was a celebrated council of the states of ancient Greece. The members of this confederation were called amphictyons and were bound by an oath to protect a temple of worship common to them all. The amphictyons in our society are made up of members of Professor Benner's classes in European History, Ancient History, Church History, American History, and Civics.

Our Council may not be so illustrious as was the ancient Greek organization, but we purpose that Eastern Nazarene College shall hear from its Amphictyon Council and be proud to own such a worthy body of historians.

From time to time during the academic year, we have arranged for lectures at the College by professors from Boston University on important topics of the day. We have also done our share of entertaining, for we have taken charge of several of the social evenings. In fact, we intend that our Council shall be one of the "live wires" of the college.



Mathematical Society



Officers

Kenneth McElwee *President*

Ruth MacIntosh *Secretary*

Ernest Marsh *Treasurer*

THE ancients looked upon mathematics as some dark, incomprehensible science devised only for wise men. They titled their first mathematical work, "The Directions for Obtaining Knowledge of All Dark Things." Today, we laugh at such superstition. Yet that same fear of "dark things" still possesses the human family. When "higher mathematics" is mentioned, every one assumes a look of bewilderment and fear.

In Holiness schools mathematics is not, as a rule, a popular subject. But every possible effort should be made to raise the status of this science in the curriculum. Beyond all question, mathematics makes one think—think rigorously; and anything that will accomplish this feat surely is worth while.

The Mathematics Society of E. N. C. is endeavoring to increase interest in this most fascinating of all sciences. They have been so fortunate as to have men of the calibre of Professor Bruce, Ph.D., of Boston University, lecture to them on subjects of mathematical value. Such enthusiasm has been created for this subject that there is an increased enrollment in the elementary courses and calls are coming for advanced courses such as Analytical Geometry and Calculus. Before long it will be possible for E. N. C., through the efforts of this society, to qualify as a member of The Mathematical Society of America.

Latin and Greek Classes



THERE is no short cut to culture. Education is not obtained in a day. Character building is a matter of years. The ideal of E. N. C. is to teach young people to live worthily—"to greatly love, to greatly live, and die right mightily." Accordingly in her curriculum are cultural subjects including Latin and Greek.

A. J. Beveridge has said that the study of Latin is one of the chief foundation stones in the making of a good preacher or a good lawyer. He is not an English scholar who does not know the chief languages on which his own is based, nor can he use that language with real appreciation of the words until he meets and learns to know them in their strong original meaning. The New Testament is doubled in significance when read against the background of the Greek.

A good percentage of the students of E. N. C. recognize the value of classical languages by registering for these courses. By daily touch with the sages of old they learn from Horace that "Sweet and beautiful it is to die for the fatherland"; from Xenophon's Cyrus that "Before one learns to rule one must learn to obey."

Difficult? Yes. But is it a predigested education we want? Is it not rather worth the cost if thereby the powers of concentration are developed as in no other way? At E. N. C. we "hold cheap the strain."

Expression



EXPRESSION, oratory, elocution—whatever one wishes to call it—is not a dead art. It is living, and there is, even in this twentieth century with its wealth of printed matter, a demand for living speech from the lips of living men. In every profession the man who wins greatest success is the man who can most ably express himself. Woe to the preacher who cannot preach! The lawyer must talk or fail. The politician is doomed if he cannot persuade men to his way of thinking. A teacher's influence is greatly increased if he can talk well and to the point. The doctor, the civil engineer, the welfare worker, the master mechanic will be a greater force in civic affairs if he can talk simply and effectively to his fellow-citizens whenever he is called upon. In any realm of life, the ability to speak well in public means added pleasure and fuller success. Oratory is still a supreme art. Men everywhere respond to it. Its power changes lives, reduces evil, advances civilization. Its development is an eternal sign of progress.

Expression as a study is not narrow in its scope; it is not merely theoretical. It is as wide as the universe, and as applicable as Domestic Science. The great forward movement along this line is timely. Our educational progress demands it. The future leaders of our country will necessarily be good public speakers. It is not too much to believe that cheap, showy and parrot-like fashions in debate and oratory will lose their vogue, and that, instead, we shall have simple, sincere and virile utterance that shall convey both light and heat—that shall clarify truth and at the same time carry it alive into the hearts of men and women with genuine passion.

Commercial Department



LET us not forget the Commercial Department. There are two misconceptions of this department of a Holiness School. Some think we cannot compete with the large business colleges, and therefore should not attempt the work. These people forget that the world needs Christian business men, and that our young people who wish to take business training deserve the privilege of learning the fundamentals of industry under Christian influence. So it is our aim to make it possible for our young men and young women to learn how to combine spirituality and business activities. We know that it will require more than human power to stand true under the strain of unbelief and worldliness in business circles, but it can be done by supernatural power through Jesus Christ.

Again, others think that commercial training is only for those who intend to enter the office; but our preachers, missionaries, teachers, church-workers need it. Our department affords opportunity for students registered in other courses to learn useful commercial principles. This year a member of the Christian Workers' course was enrolled in our Bookkeeping class; many others take typewriting. We hear the preachers express their desire to have speed in typewriting; a missionary only recently wrote how thankful she was for her knowledge of typewriting. Shorthand, likewise, is a great asset to both students and preachers. Much of our class work consists of lectures, in which invaluable information is given, which a stenographer could readily record. Among the books which Brother Short gave to our library we found sermon notes written in shorthand.

We trust that our students and our friends may gain a clearer vision of the possibilities of the Commercial Department; that many will avail themselves of these, and that others will contribute to the strengthening of the department.

Where Words Fail

WE will all admit that for practically all ordinary purposes, speech does very well as a vehicle of expression. But times come when there is not fit language to embody the deepest emotions of the heart. It is here, at the point where words fail, that music commences.

In the beginning, at the creation of the world, God, the All-Wise, appreciated the craving of the human heart for beautiful sounds and, with a command of His voice, started the warbling of the thrush, the nightingale and whole bird choruses, started the gurgling of dimpled brooks and the sighing of the wind through the pines.

When King Saul was suffering from the lashings of an evil spirit he called for the youthful David, the sweet singer of Israel. And today scores of folk, after the weary hours of the day, put a Galli-Curci record on the victrola, and listen with eyes half-closed, until the silver-toned voice drives all care away.

Music not only soothes the troubled mind, but inspires the heart to higher ideals. There is something about the whole-souled singing of a congregation that bespeaks the finest things in human life. The solemn echoing of "Old Hundred" from the throats of worshipers, or even the vibrant notes of the organ prelude, awaken the good in man. And not only in religious services here does music figure prominently, but in heaven itself. The harps of gold and the singing of praises by the saints around the throne are as much a part of our conception of heaven as the very presence of God.

Music has an irresistible hold on the hearts of mankind. Stroll down through the tenement districts of our large cities. If it is springtime, an unshaven, unkempt Italian will be lazily grinding out doubtful melodies from a hurdy-gurdy. Frowzy crowds of children cluster around, and here and there a tired mother pokes her head out of the window to listen. Or perhaps the sound of a scratchy phonograph needle, travelling over a cracked record, may be heard issuing from the rooms of one of the more fortunate families. Noise, you say? Perhaps; but to them it is music. Pass on to the better districts. You hear Little Girl ambitiously picking out the notes of "Träumerei." She does not always hit the right key, nor change the pedal at the right time. You shudder slightly, as you remember the technique of a master whom you heard play the same piece. Discords? For you; but she hears only the harmonies. As you walk farther twilight is coming on. The hushed sound of perfectly blended voices floats softly through the still air. You see through the parted curtains a group of happy young people gathered around a piano, singing their very souls out. But go still farther, past Symphony Hall. What is that mass of people outside, lining the street for a whole block? Some are rich and prosperous-looking; some, poorly clad, have probably gone without a meal to buy their tickets; but all are happy. They are going to have an evening of music.

Scratch on, phonograph needle; sing away, happy-hearted youth; play forever, symphony orchestra. You are as much a part of life as breath itself, the only satisfaction when words fail.

—Alice Spangenberg, C'23.

Pianoforte



THE pianoforte department is an extremely important part of our College. It is more than an ornament or a non-essential, for here we receive training that will make us better-equipped laborers for the Master.

This has been a prosperous, happy year for our department. (There are thirty-four of us.) A novel feature this year, in addition to the regular technical and classical work, has been the emphasis placed on devotional music. One can hardly walk through the halls of *The Canterbury* without hearing from some practice room the strains of a well-known hymn. Nearly every one enjoys playing in a duet, and so another pleasant development during the last year has been our ensemble work, including two-piano work.

By the close of the year we shall have given three recitals: the Christmas Recital, the Beethoven Recital, and the Commencement Recital. Professor Gale is a sympathetic and inspiring teacher and her Christian life and character are sources of blessing to all who meet her.

Choral Society



Prof. Hugh C. Benner, *Conductor*

<i>Tenor</i>	<i>Soprano</i>	<i>Alto</i>	<i>Bass</i>
Ralph D. Schurman	Beatrice H. MacKenney	Marybelle Freeman	Russell V. DeLong
Arthur W. Gould	Doris M. Gale	Grace E. Bush	Clarence J. Haas
Willis Anderson	Ruth Rollins	Edith Angell	Ernest Marsh
Ray DeP. Haas	Myrtle Erickson	Gladys O. MacDonald	Douglas M. Betts
Alice Spangenberg, <i>Pianist</i>			

Associate Members

Roy MacKenney Wendell MacDonald Harold Gardner Ralph Horst James Young

THE E. N. C. Chorus is a purely voluntary society. It is composed of sixteen members, forming four quartettes. Each member is intensely interested in music and is eager to do his or her part to make the chorus the success it should be. Not only is the chorus ambitious to accomplish great things, but the director, Professor Benner, makes the work fascinating and his enthusiasm is contagious.

The chorus was organized soon after the opening of the college year, and on the evening of October 12, 1922, at the Women's Missionary Auxiliary Convention in Everett, it rendered a rousing missionary hymn, "We'll Spread Scriptural Holiness."

At the present time the chorus is working on an Easter cantata, "Hail the Victor," by Alfred Wooller. We hope that this cantata may be given not only in the college but in some of the Nazarene Churches in the neighboring suburbs of Boston as well.



Male Quartette

Ralph D. Schurman.....*First Tenor*
 Hugh C. Benner.....*First Bass*
 Russell V. DeLong.....*Second Bass*
 Clarence J. Haas.....*Second Tenor*



Brass Quartette

Clarence J. Haas.....*First Trumpet*
 Laurence D. Benner*Tuba*
 Hugh C. Benner.....*Trombone*
 Howard G. Herrschaft.....*Second Trumpet*

Orchestra



Prof. Hugh C. Benner, *Conductor*

First Violin

Russell V. DeLong
R. Wayne Gardner
Dorothea M. Gatchell
Edna Foote

Second Violin

Dorothy H. White
Carrie M. Gardner
Helen Pillsbury
Ruth Belmont

Cello

Ethelyn B. Peavey

Trumpet

Clarence J. Haas
Howard G. Herrschaft

Bass

Charles E. Deware

Saxophone

William Herrschaft

Trombone

Joseph H. Fletcher

Horn

Harry B. Schlosser

Tuba

Lawrence D. Benner

Piano

Alice Q. Spangenberg

Soprano—Beatrice H. MacKenney



Young Women's Athletic Association

Officers

Gladys O. MacDonald.....	<i>President</i>
Beatrice H. MacKenney.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Ruth B. White.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Myrtle Erickson.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

THE older we grow, the more we realize that "all work and no play" makes "Jack a dull boy" or "Mary a dull girl." Hence the Young Women's Athletic Association.

We have some champions at tennis and croquet, and we enjoy a hike immensely, especially on the day after the event. Basketball is popular with us, and skating has its many enthusiastic followers. Our annual snowball fight with the boys comes on Washington's Birthday, provided there is any snow.

At Hallowe'en we always entertain the Young Men's Athletic Association, and our array of "eats" never fails to win their approbation.

On the whole we are a merry crowd, but we wish first of all to help each other physically, so that we may be at our best mentally and spiritually.



Young Men's Athletic Association

Council

Leslie J. Sears.....	<i>President</i>
Harold G. Gardner.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Russell V. DeLong.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Ralph D. Schurman	<i>Treasurer</i>
Paul A. Southard.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
Ernest Marsh	James Young
	Thomas B. Greene

TO maintain the highest possible standard of efficiency is the aim of our college. We believe that a strong body is the rightful heritage of every student, and that it is an indispensable asset in the attainment of true success. Therefore, the Athletic Associations of E. N. C. have become a vital factor in our college life. While we do not participate in intercollegiate sports, our interclass contests are not without a fine spirit of competition and friendly rivalry.

Here in New England, the winter months bring to us whole afternoons of ice skating and fast hockey. When the weather does not permit outside sports, our attention is drawn to the gym, with its racks filled with dumb bells and Indian clubs. This is also the battle ground of many long-to-be-remembered basket ball games between the College and the Academy.

Baseball holds a prominent place among us, and we seek the diamond almost before the winter's snow has melted.

The annual spring Tennis Tournament is anticipated with delight by girls and boys alike. Tennis is perhaps the most popular sport at E. N. C.

With such a program of athletic activities we can well say that Eastern Nazarene College purposes to send forth her Alumni with body, as well as mind and soul, trained and fitted for the service of Christ.



The Chandelier Speaks

I REMEMBER well the stately, awesome personages who gathered in the parlor of The Mansion with Mayor Quincy of Boston. I remember, too, the miles of costly laces and ribbons adorning the daughters of New England aristocracy under the Willard Régime. But now the school has passed into the hands of Eastern Nazarene College, and I am thankful indeed for people with life! There is always something of interest going on in the parlor. I have never enjoyed myself more immensely than since the E. N. C. company gathered about me. To tell the truth, I have had a comfortable feeling ever since one of those very first days when a student pointed to me and exclaimed, "Isn't it perfectly wonderful!"

Every September the faculty gives a reception under my watchful eye. It is amusing to watch the students file in and pass from one professor to another. It has been the custom usually to wear a card bearing one's name and home address so that all may quickly get acquainted. This year Professor Nease gave an inspiring address on being "faithful in all one's house." If I had been a young man entering school, it would have been a great help to me.

In the parlor are held the awful yet fraternal sessions of the faculty and the trustees. How much I could reveal of their secrets—yet a sense of propriety and loyalty to the trust reposed in me forbid my divulging what I know.

But oh, the tribulations connected with a student's evening in the parlor with a friend! The fun-making at the expense of the parlor occupants is systematic and effective. A row of "Big Bens," carefully hidden and correctly timed, will precipitate a climax that is easily imagined.

Time fails me to speak of the informal social evenings and musicales enjoyed in the parlor during vacations. There I learn to know the family spirit of the College.

But I must mention the girls' Sunday afternoon prayer-meetings. They have impressed me more even than the receptions and socials. What singing! And praying! Never was there a band more in earnest. Their petitions for God's blessing to rest upon the evening service, their own lives, the loved ones at home, and the missionaries in the foreign fields, are soul-stirring. Even I, a mere chandelier in the parlor, wish that I were a young person so that I might carry the news to others.

Here comes one of the students. I must stop; for they must not know I am talking of them.

D. A.



THE PARLOR



JUST POSING

Here we are. For a moment in our busy day we have paused long enough to crowd on the Mansion veranda while the photographer takes our picture.

This has been a good year. Measles and furnaces that heated occasionally on cold days did not matter much. We have had some splendid times together. Long hikes, the Cantata, Campus Day we will always cherish in our memories. The joy of work, of cooperation and of service for the Master—these have enriched our lives. We are glad we belong to Eastern Nazarene College.

Nautilus Contests

SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST

The 1923 Nautilus Staff faced many difficulties and obstacles at the outset of its work. One of these was the means by which to secure subscriptions. However, by the hearty cooperation of each class this problem was solved. The Subscription Contest was entered into by the various classes, heartily and enthusiastically. The decision of the judges was based upon the highest percentage of money paid in by the several classes before the date set for the close of the contest. The College Freshman Class is to be commended for having the largest number of copies subscribed per member.

PRIZE AWARDED

to the

COLLEGE JUNIOR CLASS

POEM CONTEST

Several poetic aspirants entered this field. It was very difficult to judge the merit of the various poems owing to the wide range of subject matter. Humorous, satirical, religious and nature poems were received and given due consideration.

PRIZE AWARDED

to

MADELINE A. NEASE

SNAPSHOT CONTEST

Scores of snapshots were received. Great was the task of judges. The contest was judged upon number of snapshots submitted, photographic value and number of scenes used on plates.

PRIZE AWARDED

to

DOROTHY H. WHITE

Roll of Honor

(The following have contributed to the success of the 1923 Nautilus.)

GRAZIA HAZELTON
RALPH D. SCHURMAN
HOWARD G. HERRSCHAFT
L. C. GARNER
WILLIAM HERRSCHAFT
JOSEPH H. FLETCHER
DANIEL M. FRENCH

As the Nautilus Staff of 1923 we wish to thank our many friends for their support and encouragement. We appreciate the advice and counsel of our President, Fred J. Shields. To our Faculty Advisers we are deeply indebted for their support and untiring labor.

Managerial

IN presenting this second volume of the Nautilus to our patrons and friends, we rejoice in the joy of accomplishment. No one realizes more keenly than we the fact that in many points there is a basis for just criticism. However, we assure our readers that our efforts have been willing and whole-souled, and in view of this we trust that even just criticism will be tempered with a consideration of the peculiar difficulties surrounding our project. The time you spend in reading this book will be measured by a few minutes or at the most a few hours; but as you peruse and enjoy its contents bear in mind that for the Nautilus Staff it represents literally days and weeks of careful, patient, earnest work. We commend it to you with the hope that it will prove a source of enjoyment and blessing.

To the advertisers who have so kindly and substantially assisted the Managerial Staff in overcoming the financial difficulties of this publication, we wish to express our hearty appreciation. We sincerely trust that they have found a clear warrant for their support in the patronage, and in the friendship as well, of the members of this institution.

To the Editorial Staff we feel constrained to express our gratitude for the splendid cooperation and fraternal reciprocity which have characterized our mutual relations. The excellence of quality displayed in the Nautilus of 1923 will remain a lasting tribute to their endeavors.

To the business manager of the Nautilus of 1924 we wish high success. That there are real difficulties involved in the work of this office is undeniable, but far outweighing these will be the sense of having had a part in the accomplishment of an enterprise, worthy in its purpose and far reaching in its possibilities for promoting the cause of Christian education.

LESLIE J. SEARS, Th. '26.
Business Manager.

Nautilus Calendar

1922 — 1923

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday, 12th—Registration Day. Welcome to E. N. C. Whatayataking this semester?

Wednesday, 13th—New students introduced to the delightful delicacy of Boston Baked Beans.

Thursday, 14th—Belated trunks arriving and lace curtains going up. We'll soon be settled.

Friday, 15th—Dr. Coleman delivers inspiring address to student-body on "Christian Education." Remember the peanut!

Saturday, 16th—Aeolian Quartette spends the day with us. Olivet Club of E. N. C. gives spread.

Sunday, 17th—All-day meeting. Preachers of the day were President Shields, Brother Angell, and Brother Peavey.

Newly-inaugurated mixed quartette renders selection.

Monday, 18th—"Now we must get down to hard study this week," so says the Faculty.

Tuesday, 19th—The Evangelistic Association of E. N. C. is organized to carry on Home Mission work, and to open new centers for Holiness.

Wednesday, 20th—Y. M. A. A. Tag Day.

I AM



WITH THE
Y. M. A. A.

Thursday, 21st—Nautilus Staff elected. We want the best year-book yet.

Friday, 22nd—Faculty reception given in Mansion Parlors. Cake! Cake! Cake!

Saturday, 23rd—Everybody's gone to Merrymount Park. Wonder what for???

Sunday, 24th—Don't forget Quiet Hour—3 to 4 P. M.

Monday, 25th—Soph girls butt in on Freshie class meeting.

Tuesday, 26th—Rules of table etiquette read at supper, while the Dorm Diners absent-mindedly lean on their elbows, and play with their napkin-rings.

Wednesday, 27th—Shouts of glee from the tennis courts, as rackets flash through the air, and the tiny white bouncing spheres whirl to and fro.

Thursday, 28th—Rev. Orval Nease brings helpful chapel message.

Friday, 29th—Nautilus subscription rally in chapel. Class competition brings grand total to 836 copies.

Saturday, 30th—Everybody's cleaning rooms and beating carpets. Just see the dust fly!!!

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Who's Who at E. N. C.*

MOST

Timid	Willis Anderson
Intellectual	Kent Goodnow
Optimistic	Thomas Greene
Popular Boy	Russell DeLong
Popular Girl	Dorothy White
Humorous	Eddie Deware
Polite	Kent Goodnow
Dignified	Arthur Gould
Conscientious	Ella Strickland
Capable	Russell DeLong
Studious	Edith Peirce
Agreeable	Ethelyn Peavey
Brilliant	Lurla Dwinell
Pessimistic	David Keeler
Friendly	Irva Phillips
Talented	Alice Spangenberg

BEST

Athlete (boy)	Arthur Morse
Athlete (girl)	Ruth MacIntosh
Singer	Marybelle Freeman
Musician	Alice Spangenberg
Orator	Harry Schlosser
Worker	Irva Phillips
Writer	Alice Spangenberg
Talker	Clara Wolford
Helper	Mabel Slocum
Disposed	Margaret Patin
Poet	Madeline Nease
All-round boy	Leslie Sears
All round girl	Dorothy White
Parliamentarian	Paul Southard
Joker	Eddie Deware
Refined	Margaret Patin

*Vote taken by Student Body.

Faculty Statistics

Faculty	Characteristic	Hobby	Pastime	Favorite Saying
President Shields	Deliberateness	Evolution	Playing the Victrola	"It seems to me—"
Mrs. Shields	Reservedness	James	We do not know	"Lisez en français."
Prof. Nease	Self-control	Berkeley	Reading jokes	"Absolutely!"
Prof. Angell	Piety	Ecclesiology	Boating	"Well, I think we're getting on."
Prof. Munro	Womanliness	Missions	Nautilus "Reviser"	"This is a stock poem to illustrate—"
Prof. Benner	Independence	Radio	Reading the newspaper	"Well, this doesn't mean anything to me."
Prof. Gardner	Fairness	Calculus	Trips to B. U.	"I'm preaching to myself now."
Prof. Goozee	Unobtrusiveness	Washing dishes	Solitude	"Mardi gras!"
Prof. Harris	Frankness	Unexpected exams	Sleeping	"Stop that whispering!"
Prof. Gale	Refinement	Doris	Commuting	"Well, how's sister been?"
Mrs. C. Gardner	Domesticity	Entertaining couples	Playing tennis	"Why aren't you in the study hall?"
Miss Harding	Curiosity	Eating candy	Typing examinations	"Pres. Shields?—No, he isn't in."
Miss Goodrich	Exactness	Singing duets	Trying to make 110%	"Oh, I don't know—do you think so?"
Miss White	Wit	Violin	Reading the Maine mail	"Oh, Russell!"
Mr. Herrschaft	Stubbornness	Electrical appliances	Walking around	"Meeting of the Students' Council."
Mrs. MacKenney	Staunchness	Everything	Teasing	Too numerous to mention.
Miss MacQuarrie	Preciseness	Crocheting	Watching couples	She never speaks.
Mrs. Garner	Coyness	Sewing	Distributing mail	"Is Mr. — in there?"

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carry her books, papers, etc.

Mr. Southard's history report must have been
the cause of much weariness to the flesh. Any-
way, he was so tired that he had to lean against
the window for support while reading it. He's
a big fellow, too.

Professor Angell in Hermeneutics class: "Be-
hold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither
do they swim."

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for 1924



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NAUTILUS CALENDAR

OCTOBER

Sunday, 1st—First Evangelistic Association delegations go to Norfolk Downs and South Weymouth.

Monday, 2nd—News of the tragic death of the little daughter of our beloved President brings sorrow to our hearts.

Tuesday, 3rd—Schlosser calls his Freshie class together for just a few short moments.

Wednesday, 4th—Mother MacKenney loses her red sweater containing a mysterious little book.

Thursday, 5th—Funeral service of Grace Shields held at College chapel.

Friday, 6th—The parlor is open for couples this evening.

Saturday, 7th—Mother finds her sweater at last, and all are happy once more.

Sunday, 8th—Shadrach, Meschach and Abednego Quartette favor us at evening service.

Monday, 9th—Rush discovers the Summum Bonum when he finds Latin class called off tomorrow.

Tuesday, 10th—Picture day postponed on account of rain. Sad disappointment to the unprepared.

Wednesday, 11th—New student eating hash inquires innocently. "What was this when it was alive?"

Thursday, 12th—Columbus Day. Hike to Squantum. Chorus goes to Cambridge Missionary rally at night.

Friday, 13th—College Sophs give social and sing their snappy class song.

Saturday, 14th—Tennis Champs meet their Waterloo.

Surely "We are as the flower of the field which today is and tomorrow fadeth away."

Sunday, 15th—Brass and Male Quartette go to South Weymouth. Returning delegates of Evangelistic Association gather in Southard's room and report day's successes.

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OCTOBER—Cont.

Monday, 16th—Nautilus Picture Day! The Sun
Shines Bright at E. N. C.

Tuesday, 17th—Over \$1200 pledged for Foreign Mis-
sions by faculty and student-body.

Wednesday, 18th—Noah's Ark arrives.

Thursday, 19th—Winter's Coming.—B-r-r-r!!

Friday, 20th—Literary societies meet and present
talent of 1922-1923.

Saturday, 21st—Academy Juniors and Seniors hike
to Blue Hills.

Nautilus proofs reviewed by Staff.

Sunday, 22nd—DeLong, "Who said that dreams don't
come true?"

Monday, 23rd—Welcome to Pres. Shields given in
chapel.

Evangelistic Association delegates give reports of
victory.

Tuesday, 24th—Noah sets sail in his ark

Hot air is introduced to the Card-board Palace.

Wednesday, 25th—Says the Dorm Diner: "Guess the
market must be flooded with spaghetti. Hey!
What?"

Thursday, 26th—The College Freshies are proudly
displaying their proofs just back from the photog-
rapher's.

Friday, 27th—Hallowe'en Social in gym under the
auspices of the Y. W. A. A.

Who put the ghosts and goblins to flight?

Saturday, 28th—Prof. Tix and Send new tennis
champs, taking on all ambitious aspirants for the
title.

Sunday, 29th—The Doctor meets all late trains, but
Waltham delegates receive absolution.

Monday, 30th—District Superintendent Moore of New
York preaches at evening service, and Prof
Carey of Brooklyn directs the hosts in song.

Tuesday, 31st—Who goes there!!! Moonlight Hal-
lowe'en football game!—on campus.

Among the Classics

As You Like It.....	College Seniors
The Newcomes.....	Class of 1926
The Old Curiosity Shop.....	Physics Laboratory
Wanted—A Chaperon.....	Beatrice MacKenney
The Man Higher Up.....	President Shields
Under Fire.....	Exams
The Eleventh Hour.....	Night Before Exams
The Missourian.....	Tom Greene
Opinions of a Philosopher.....	Paul Southard
King Solomon's Mines.....	The Library
Scientific American.....	Howard Herrschaft
L'Allegro.....	Eddie Deware
The Heavenly Twins.....	Paul and David
A Connecticut Yankee.....	Jesse Richardson
Daddy Long-Legs.....	Ernest Marsh
The Melody of Youth.....	Our Chorus
The Deliverance.....	June 6
The Beloved Vagabond.....	Marshmallow
Maggie.....	Margaret Patin
The Copperhead.....	Russell DeLong
The Earthly Paradise.....	The Parlor
Sons of the Soil.....	Campus Day
Won by Waiting.....	Our Diplomas
The Guardian Angel.....	Mother MacKenney
A New England Nun.....	Alma Schuman
Beyond the Horizon.....	The wide, wide world
Review of Reviews.....	Hash
Twice-Told Tales.....	Table Etiquette Rules
The Bridge.....	Fire Escapes
Our Mutual Friend.....	Mr. Brown
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Much Ado About Nothing.....	College Juniors
The Pathfinder.....	Professor Nease

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Harry Schlosser: "I feel good physically and mentally, but I don't feel good *lovely*."

Dr. Mingledorf, meeting Mr. Marsh: "My, sonny! What have they been feeding you around here?"

Professor Nease: "Miss White, what was your text yesterday?"

Miss White states her text and Professor Nease reads it.

Mr. Keeler: "Why, you could preach almost anything from that."

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NAUTILUS CALENDAR

NOVEMBER

Wednesday, 1st—Evangelist W. O. Nease is welcomed at chapel today. Come again, Brother Nease.

11-11 tennis set called on account of darkness.

Thursday, 2nd—Boston Photographer: "Why, we've been in business 8 years, and we're truthful, and have done Harvard's work for 12 years now!"

Friday, 3rd—Goodnow shines as literary critic.

Saturday, 4th—Rush is some musician. He tells us that at the tender age of three he played on the linoleum.

Monday, 6th—Rev. Geo. J. Franklin, returned missionary from India, tells us of his experiences.

Tuesday, 7th—Sam falls out of his high chair and lands on his lip.

Thursday, 9th—The sun rose as usual.

Friday, 10th—Dr. Bruce lectures on "East and West to crowded house.

Saturday, 11th—Armistice Day.

Tennis mixed doubles in the morning.

Hike to Squantum in the afternoon.

Tuesday, 14th—Morse sings, "I wish I was in the land of cotton."

Red flannel hash for breakfast.

Wednesday, 15th—Sam locates his tooth brush in Betts' bureau.

Thursday, 16th—Bread pudding instead of pie for dessert.

Friday, 17th—Miss White and Mr. DeLong as usual fail to keep in step as they march from chapel.

Breesean Literary meets. *Music hath its charms.*

Remember the program?

Saturday, 18th—In which the football comes to rest in a tree and is recovered after much throwing of sticks, stones, etc.

The Freshmen report a fine time on their hike.

Roasted wienies, roasted marshmallows, etc.

Sunday, 19th—A beautiful day.

Monday, 20th—Girls of the Athenian Literary Society mourning over the death of boys in their society.

Miss Slocum has an idea. Mr. Southard makes no comments in Psychology class.



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QUIETUDE

She is reclining under the shade of a chestnut tree. There are no sharp lines upon her face—just a calm, peaceful, contented expression. The day has been warm, but the sun is now slowly sliding below the western horizon. There she lies under the tree thinking, ruminating over what she has taken in during the day. No theological discussions or philosophic problems of existence perplex her tranquil soul. Could there be a more beautiful picture of quietude?

But this serene repose is suddenly interrupted by a coarse voice calling, "Come, bossie! Come, bossie! Come, bossie!"

—D. K.



FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

H. F. Reynolds, Jr.—I'm dead broke.
 C. Matthews—I h-h-hate g-g-girls. I l-love
 their s-souls but I h-h-hate their h-hearts.
 Mrs. Gardner—Wayne! Wayne!
 Mabel Slocum—Don't look at me like that!
 T. Greene—I'll take five of those.
 E. Peavey—I wish I was a rock.
 H. Goodrich—Turn out that light!
 S. Miroyiannis—Miss French, may I escape
 from the library?
 H. Herrschaft—Where's the rest of the
 family?
 M. Erickson—No, I didn't, did I?
 R. MacIn'osh—Really?
 M. Freeman—Isn't that a sight!
 Miss Harding—Got any candy?
 G. Kendall—One more day to live.
 J. Young—Ah-h-h!
 A. MacQuarrie—A clam is a clam the
 world over.
 L. J. Sears—Toothache? Put a hot-water
 bottle on your heel.
 L. D. Benner—Well, Brethren!

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Nautilus Calendar

NOVEMBER—Concluded

Tuesday, 21st—Contents of missionary boxes made known.

Mr. Marsh announces that the dead boys of the A. L. S. have paid their assessments while the live girls have not.

Wednesday, 22nd—Three college freshmen lose their slips for their pictures.
Who took Sam's candy?

Thursday, 23rd—Prof. Angell kicks the football.

Friday, 24th—The Junior-Freshman social. The inverted quartette sings.

Saturday, 25th—The first snow.

Wednesday, 29th—"Over the river and through the woods to mother's house we go."

Thursday, 30th—1 P.M.—Students are starved. 3 P. M.—So full, oh, so full!

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HAVERHILL

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Dot White studying at the dinner table—
Southard—"Aren't you getting acute?"
Dot, innocently—"A cute what?"

Place: Dining-room.

Time: 4 minutes of one.

President College Freshmen—"All those going
on the hike meet promptly at five minutes of one
in front of the Mansion."

Cold night in November—

Betts—"Shurman, aren't you afraid your room
will be over-heated with your light left burning?"

"We know the first person, the second person,
the third person, but who is the fourth person,
Miss Cutter?"

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DECEMBER

Friday, 1st—Some late Thanksgiving boxes arrive. Everybody happy.

Saturday, 2nd—Basket-ball game in gym at 2 P. M. Academy wins!

Sunday, 3rd—Breakfast, Sunday-school, church, dinner, quiet hour, supper, church. Professor Nease preaches.

Monday, 4th—Mrs. MacKenny advertises the finding of a gold pencil. Everybody back from vacation. The ground is white with snow.

Tuesday, 5th—Snow nearly gone. Welsh rarebit for supper.

Thursday, 7th—Six weeks' exams. Everybody cramming.

Friday, 8th—The mansion in mourning. Ruth McCurdy has gone home. Literary Societies. Steam in College dormitory before half-past-six.

Saturday, 9th—The boys snowball. Mr. Rush starts for Quincy without his cap.

Monday, 11th—12 degrees above zero and the fire won't burn!

Tuesday, 12th—Rev. Glenn Gould in charge of chapel. Mud. Tables changed.

Wednesday, 13th—The "bungalow" is completed and the Neases move in. Skating great.

Thursday, 14th—College *vs.* Academy basket-ball. Disastrous for the College.

Friday, 15th—Students go to Malden to hear Dr. Mingledorf preach.

Saturday, 16th—Same old thing.

Sunday, 17th—Tomato soup for supper.

Monday, 18th—David Keeler loses his reputation. He finishes his breakfast before the others.

Wednesday, 20th—Remember Miss MacQuarrie's pancake?

Thursday, 21st—Last day before vacation. Students leave for home.

JANUARY

Wednesday, 3rd—Students gradually drifting in with the snow. Prayer-meeting night with about 30 present.

Thursday, 4th—More snow and more students.

Friday, 5th—Teachers are merciless on unprepared lessons. Rev. J. B. McBride has charge of chapel service.

Saturday, 6th—Everybody recuperates from vacation.

Sunday, 7th—Regular Sunday services.

Monday, 8th—Classes begin in earnest.

Tuesday, 9th—Mr. McBride returns and speaks to us again in chapel.

Friday, 12th—Literary societies in the evening.

Tuesday, 16th—Rev. L. A. Reed arrives from Oakland, Cal., and speaks to us in chapel.

Wednesday, 17th—Professor Reed still with us.

Friday, 20th—Wienie party.

Tuesday, 24th—Mr. Deware attains the heights of 21.

Week of January 25—Endless week of examinations.

Monday, 29th—Skating party. Marshmallow toast.

Tuesday, 30th—Registration day. Professor Ault from Boston University lectures us on English University Life.

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A preacher raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of a sermon, was shocked to discover his young hopeful up in the gallery pelting the audience below with horsechestnuts. As the good man looked up with a frown, the youngster cried out, "You just tend to your preaching, Dad. I'll keep 'em awake!"

Scene: Male Quartette in a Boston restaurant.

Schurman eating a crab-meat salad sandwich, "The last time I ate this I was sick."

Benner: "Well, how many times are you going to eat that?"

Holes are processes of evolution. They are small at first, but increase with rapidity.

Does anyone know where the Physicalgebra room is?

First Freshy. (Right Freshy.) "What family does this tree belong to?"

Second Freshy: "The evergreen family, same as a lot of us do."

In which the lively girls are shown up. Miss Dwinell: "You have not got a list of the girls that have paid their dues?"

Mr. Marsh: "No, but I have a long list of those who have not paid."

Mullen: "No Homiletics, Prof's gone away."

Sears: "Why, where did he went, Mullen?"

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Mr. Goodnow: "Miss French, will you please tell me when you are going to shut up? er-er I mean close the library?"

Church History Class.

Professor Benner: "Miss Spangenberg, what is a papal bull?"

Miss Spangenberg: "A cow owned by the popes."

Miss Goozee (in dining hall.)

"I would like to see Mr. Anderson, Miss Hamilton, Miss Temple, Mr. Haas, and Miss Dwinell as they pass out."

Dot. White—

Silas Marner and Goldsmith are waiting in the bookroom.

The young ladies may call for them after supper.

Mutton for dinner.

Student: "Whose goat did they get this time?"

Exam. Question. "Who and what did Noah take into the Ark?"

Apt Reply: "He took his family and some raw meat."

At Dinner

Miss Harding: "No, Mr. Mullen it isn't good to eat to much. It is better to leave the table hungry than too full. Are you through?"

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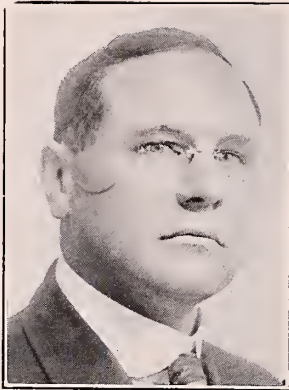


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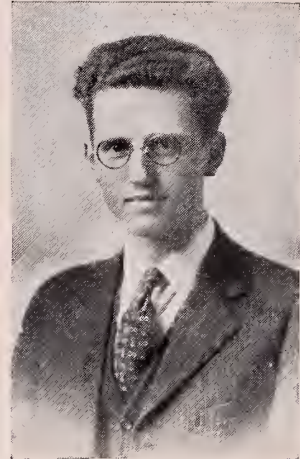
JUST AMONG OURSELVES

There were two young men who had a duel. The wife of the one was French, and she And-er-son were standing on a Hill watching them fight with spears and Shields. The other man was a Gardner who sold Greene Bush-es with White flowers. He had a Good-rich Nease who sold Pillsbury's flour and Bartlett pears. The Gale was blowing and it looked like Snow. The wife of the one sat on some Moss to watch the fight, but her son wandered away and got his Foote wet in a Marsh. His mother said, "You are no Angell. I must Rush you to the Shu-man. Your other shoes are covered with Tarr."

The men Chase-d each other until the man without a wife was the Victor. The French woman was sorry for her husband, and gave him some Graham bread with Jelley on it. The Free-man who was single saw the good care of the other man's wife, and took out his Peirce to see if he had enough money to Mari-on.



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Rev. Paul C. Rees

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NAUTILUS CALENDAR

FEBRUARY

Monday, 12th—Abraham Lincoln's and Miss Cutter's birthday.
Friday, 16th—Will wonders never cease? Russell DeLong brought an 8-o'clock book back to the Library on time!
Thursday, 22nd—Our blessed holiday.
Friday, 23rd—Amphictyon Council Social

MARCH

Friday, 2nd—Miss Spangenberg loses some letters from her books.
Saturday, 2nd—Big fire.
College boys play Lynn Sunday-School boys at basket-ball. Score 48—7, favor of E. N. C.
Monday, 5th—Tests, tests, and more tests.
Tuesday, 6th—District Superintendent S. W. Beers with us in chapel.
Wednesday, 7th—Miss Bush dreams she is selling papers with headlines about Punic wars.
Friday, 9th—Professor Brigham from Boston University takes us to the heavenly bodies.
Tuesday, 13th—Mr. McBride and Mr. Smith from Portland here for chapel.
Thursday, 15th—Pound party for Professor and Mrs. Angell.
President Shields tries to get a fee by marrying some couple.
Friday, 16th—Breesean Literary open program.
Saturday, 17th—St. Patrick's Day.
Friday, 23rd—Another case of the measles; Roy MacKenney peppered out.
Basket-ball at Lynn—E. N. C. 26, Lynn 25.
Sunday, 25th—Rev. Winslow of Little Wanderers' Home speaks.
Thursday, 29th—"Hail the Victor"—Cantata.
Friday, 30th—Athenian Literary program.
April 1—Easter bonnets and April Fools.

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Fair Co-ed—"It looks like rain."

College Spirit—"Why, yes, I feel the change
in my pockets."

Mr. Betts says that some people are so thick
they think that the Mexican border has to pay
rent; that Marion, Ohio, is a flapper, and that
Sing Sing is a Chinese lullaby.

At the dinner table we discover the motto of
Andrew Clifton Titus Matthews to be:
"It shall not pass."

Have you seen our cut glass tumblers of the
saw-tooth design?

General Science Teacher—"Give definition of
yeast."

Miss Erickson—"Yeast is something full of
holes."

Miss Slocum—"I have all sorts of pets in my
room. Monkeys, dogs, cats,—"

Miss Phillips—"Yes, and a picture of Joe."



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Y. P. S.	6:00 p.m.
Revival Service	7:00 p.m.
WEEK-NIGHT—Class-meeting, Wed.	7:30 p.m.
Prayer-meeting, Fri.	7:30 p.m.

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